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Tales of Hoffman

THE Labour Party's pamphlet *European Unity* certainly made the headlines and may even have made history as well. But the significance of this statement lies much less in its contents—which for the most part faithfully summarised Mr. Bevin's well-known scepticism about the Council of Europe and political union—than in its reception in the U.S.A. A torrent of editorial vituperation on the theme of "isolationionism with a big I," culminated in a portentous rebuke by Mr. Hoffman, who virtually ordered Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin to disavow the pamphlet altogether. Unlike the newspapers, however, Mr. Hoffman modified his censure 24 hours later when he had found time to read the document. Meanwhile most of the British Press, which had given the pamphlet a surprisingly favourable reception on the first day, had come into line; and Mr. Eden and Mr. MacMillan wound up the week by repeating Mr. Hoffman's strictures on "this deplorable document," in their first unrevised form.

What was the cause of all this commotion? Let us admit that Mr. Hoffman was bound to be jumpy on the first day of the Congressional hearings on military aid. Let us also admit that the champagne with which Dr. Dalton decided to launch the ship had a somewhat jingo pop. But all this does not explain the astonishing misrepresentation with which European Unity has been subjected both here and in the U.S.A. The main reason is to be found in the long-standing American dislike of the special position which Socialist Britain has achieved among the countries in receipt of Marshall Aid. Alone among the recipients of American dollars we have not only drawn up paper plans but fulfilled them; not demanded more dollars but substantially reduced our dollar gap; and been ready, not with vague speeches, but with practical measures for West European economic co-operation. It has been a constant source of irritation to Americans that those Europeans, such as the West Germans and Italians, who have returned to free enterprise constantly demand more dollar subsidies, while Socialist Britain is steadily preparing for the day in 1952 when she will stand on her own feet. Believing sincerely in their own capitalist ideology, Americans are disconcerted by this awkward contrast between theory and practice; and they are on the lookout for any stick to beat the boy in the Marshall form who consistently scores the best marks by disregarding the syntax of free enterprise. Not unnaturally the British Conservative Party borrows the same stick whenever opportunity offers.

That British Socialism has been largely responsible for Britain's recovery; that the Labour Party is not prepared to jeopardise full employment for the sake of Western Federal Union; and that other European countries would benefit by a dose of the British medicine—all these are assertions that Socialists are entitled to make; and no time is more suitable than in the days preceding the Schuman Plan Conference in Paris. But when these assertions are made, no-one can expect either Mr. Churchill or Mr. Hoffman to agree. By their standards, Socialist common sense is ideological clap-trap; and Mr. Attlee should not be surprised that the Americans dislike Socialism, especially when it is successful.

This is not to say that *European Unity* is a perfect statement of Socialist principles. It is very far from that. Indeed its smug insensitivity to European problems derives not from its Socialism, but from Mr. Bevin's strict adherence to the principles of the Fulton speech. The pamphlet shows almost as little comprehension of the dangers of renascent German nationalism as Mr. Churchill's speeches; and its authors seem as eager as Mr. Eden to accept the Cold War as a permanency. If Mr. Attlee were ready to assume the leadership of Europe he would not have repudiated so emphatically the idea of mediating between America and Russia which he was preaching two years ago. By condemning the Third Force as a heresy, he has been forced into an insular Socialism which grates on European ears. The remedy for that is to jettison, not the Socialism, but the insularity.

Questions in Paris

Meanwhile, the character of the pool and the authority which the Six-Power Conference in Paris has begun to discuss is becoming increasingly nebulous. M. Schuman has assured the Popular Republicans that his Plan does not imply the relaxation of any of the controls or restrictions imposed on German output by the Ruhr Statute. How this would square with a policy of expansionism in Western Europe he did not explain; and the German industrialists, who see in the Plan a means of recovering their

old place in sterling area markets, have not concealed their annoyance.

Still more cryptic is M. Schuman's declaration that the " trade and use " of heavy industry products is to be outside the purview of the authority. This would appear to imply that such matters as quotas, tariffs, and other protective devices will remain within the control of national governments. How any authority can plan production on expansionist lines without being able to determine the conditions of expansion is obscure; and observers in Paris are also asking how M. Schuman proposes to bring organised labour into the scheme while the Communist-led C.G.T. declares its root-and-branch opposition to it.

A further question which is being asked in Paris is whether the authority can function effectively unless Poland's adhesion to the Plan is secured. That this is most unlikely to be forthcoming was made evident during this month's session in Geneva of the Economic Commission for Europe. The Commission's abortive and occasionally acrimonious debates gave little promise of the " virtual stalemate," as Mr. Myrdal called it, in economic relations between East and West being overcome: the work of the key committees on trade, manpower and industry and materials remains practically paralysed.

Repression in South Africa

The passage through the South African Parliament of the Suppression of Communism Bill—it has now had its second reading without substantial amendment—marks a sad milestone in the political development of the British Commonwealth. With this Bill there is enacted in South Africa, " by the King's Most Excellent Majesty," a measure which abrogates, deliberately and specifically, those legal and social rights upon which parliamentary government in the British tradition is based. Aimed ostensibly at the Communist Party of South Africa, this measure is clearly designed to give the Nationalists power to suppress all progressive movements whenever they threaten to become effective—or, indeed, even before that.

Procedure will be along the simple lines made familiar by Nazi Europe. Thus " any person who performs any act which is calculated to further the achievement of any of the objects of Communism " (section 11, subsection (*a*)), or who " advocates, advises, defends or encourages the achievement of any such object or any act or omission which is calculated to further the achievement of any such object " (subsection (*b*)) Etc., Etc. ," shall be guilty of an offence." Once arrested, the accused " shall be presumed, until the contrary is proved, to be or to have been a member or active supporter, as the case may be," of " any organisation " of which he is said by the prosecution to have been a member. (Section 12, subsection (*i*)). It is the accused who has to prove himself innocent, not the prosecution which has to prove guilt.

Other clauses give the Government, acting through proclamation by the Governor-General without the supervision of Parliament, arbitrary and complete rights to control the movements of suspected persons (Section 10, subsection (*i*)); to ban the publication of suspected periodicals (section 6); to conduct investigations without warrant; and so forth. A " gathering," for the purposes of the Bill, is defined as " any gathering, concourse, or procession in, through, or along any place, of any number of persons having a common purpose, whether such purpose be lawful or unlawful." Two suspected persons catching a train together constitute a gathering under this Bill.

The United Party opposed the Bill, but introduced its own measure, which surpassed the Government's Bill in providing the death penalty for anyone who " propagates the principles or promotes the spread of Communism." Only Mrs. Ballinger, who is a Native Representative, and Mr. Christie, of the Labour Party, were consistent in their opposition—apart from the one Communist Member, Mr. Kahn, who has now announced that the C.P. dissolved itself on June 20.

Governor Dewey Steps Down

American politics demand much in money and health from politicians, and Governor Dewey is not the first to find he is deficient in both. But it is unlikely that he would have been attracted by the income available to him in private law practice or felt handicapped by bursitis and low blood pressure if he had felt more optimistic about his Presidential aspirations. While he remained Governor of New York, he controlled the largest block of votes at the Republican convention: his influence may still be strong and he may yet hope to find himself nominated for the fourth time in 1952. But three defeats are probably enough, even for a young and egotistical aspirant. He might feel confident of squeezing out Senator Taft once more: Dwight Eisenhower, if he yields to Republican blandishments, would walk all over him. In any case, the Republican mood is stiffening against the non-committal " me-tooism " which has characterised Mr. Dewey ever since he first tried to persuade the voters that he was a better trustee for the New Deal than Mr. Roosevelt.

The way is now open for a free-for-all in the New York gubernatorial elections. Lieutenant-Governor Hanley, the probable Republican candidate, is an ageing party wheelhorse. Jim Farley, Roosevelt's old machine-minder, may leave the Coca-Cola Corporation and seek to solace his disappointed ambition to sit in the White House by occupying the Governor's mansion at Albany. In that case, the contest will be between two party hacks, and the minority votes controlled by the Liberal Party and American Labour Party (which have held the balance of power in New York) would be important. Governor Dewey's decision not to run seems to put a temporary stop to the ambitions of young Franklin D. Roosevelt, now in Congress, who might have secured the Democratic nomination for Governor as a desperate throw against Dewey, always a powerful candidate in New York.

Elections in the Ruhr

Although the general election in North Rhine-Westfalia has brought little change in the strength of the main parties, there is reason to fear that the coalition of C.D.U. with the Social-Democrats may now be displaced by one with the so-called " Free Democrats," who would more properly be described as old-fashioned Nationalists. Chancellor Adenauer is long known to have cherished hopes of jettisoning Karl Arnold, the Left-wing C.D.U. leader who has long held the office of Prime Minister in this *Land*, and who favours the public control (if not the socialisation) of basic industries. There was evidence lately that the reactionary leadership in the C.D.U. was taking advantage of Arnold's absence on sick leave to undermine his position; and that it was succeeding in those efforts.

If the Social-Democrats should be driven into opposition—for they themselves rightly desire to remain within the coalition—the last restraining influence in the machinery of West German government would be withdrawn. The last slender hope of securing at least partial public control of the coal and steel industries would disappear. As at Bonn, the Social Democrats would find themselves in opposition alongside the Communists. It is a situation which ought to engage the interest of the Labour Government and it is to be hoped that the Foreign Office will be told to do what it properly and tactfully can to influence Chancellor Adenauer into furthering the continuance of the present C.D.U.-Social-Democratic coalition.

Unesco at Florence

When Torres Bodet, Director-General of Unesco, put his foot in the door between East and West, the Americans promptly slammed it and the Mexican poet and statesman resigned. That he was subsequently persuaded to withdraw his resignation does not alter the issue—that an international civil servant should insist upon being international, and not the message boy of any powerful government even if it does pay a third of the budget of his organisation.

The Unesco Conference at Florence has throughout been a miserable commentary on relations among the United Nations. When the conference insisted on Chiang China being accepted as the Member-State, the Eastern European States walked out. When Ribnica, the Yugoslav representative, tried to give Unesco the initiative in " Intellectuals for Peace " by suggesting, with Torres Bodet's outspoken approval, that there should be a world congress under Uno auspices, the proposal was automatically voted down. But the real cause of the Director-General's anger was the brash intervention of " Bill " Benton, once, as U.S. Under-Secretary for State, leader of successive American Delegations and now, as a Senator, the whip-cracker. Arriving post-haste from the U.S. in the middle of the Conference, he renounced any effort to bridge the gap between East and West by announcing that General Clay was using $16½ millions for the re-education of Western Germany (which is not being called on to contribute) and that much more would be forthcoming. The figure is already twice as much as Torres Bodet has for the promotion of Education, Science and Culture in the whole world.

PARLIAMENT: Taking the Strain

Wednesday

THE Question was: should Sir John Black's £100,000 reward for a restrictive covenant be treated as sur-taxable income or tax-free payment for a capital asset? Most Members agreed that such transactions were obviously remunerative and designedly tax-evasive. But still, there were 72 Tories and 7 Liberals who resisted.

When the Solicitor-General, in his softly reasonable way, accepted the amendment to limit retrospective surtax in such cases to two years, Maxwell Fyfe and his senior colleagues, who had been guilty of similarly retrospective legislation, were compelled to withdraw. Not so the seven Liberals present. Deprived of power in the past thirty years, they were as genuinely innocent of retrospective legislation as they were consistent in opposing a petrol tax. They voted against retrospection. But Mr. Marlowe and his seventy-one hard-faced supporters were clearly in sympathy with Sir John Black. With Churchill's unexpected presence adding zest to their revolt and discomfort to his glumly abstaining colleagues, they gleefully gave the Leader a show of uncompromising Toryism.

On the first day's consideration of the Finance Bill, Gaitskell, who skilfully justified the increase in petrol tax without mentioning the existence of railways, showed that concessions the Chancellor had already made were nearly sufficient to offset any higher yield from petrol. Improved National Assistance scales, farmers' relief from petrol tax, and relief for double taxation would amount to £20 millions. But the Chancellor evidently believed that a concession a day kept the Opposition at bay—to some extent. The following day he transformed the vehicle tax into a chassis tax, and on Monday he put a limit to retrospective surtax in cases as Sir John Black's. However, the Opposition, although normally bellyaching about inflation, had no difficulty in outbidding with sectional appeals. Tory Members put their names to amendments worth £400 millions in all, conscious that they were not required to state in these debates where expenditure should be cut.

Lyttelton objected to taxing vehicles or chassis as harmful interference with the laws of supply and demand. Everyone, he said, agreed that distributive costs should be kept as low as is consistent with efficient service to the consumer. But when, the following day, the House debated a motion on resale price maintenance, Lyttelton's supporters were vigorously defending the right of trade associations to interfere with the laws of supply and demand. Mr. Thornton-Kemsley was almost alone on the Tory benches in sounding a querulous note about the price-fixing practices of manufacturers, whilst a succession of his companions, declaring a variety of "trade" interests, emphasised the dangers of retail competition, "price-cutting," and deferred discounts. Only Labour cheers greeted Crosland's proposal to set the retailers experimentally free from price-fixing associations, Padley's suggestion of a public investigation into the quality and prices of branded goods, and Daines' demand for an end to discriminatory practices against the Co-ops. Roles on controls were neatly reversed.

The climate of opinion, as they say in Parliamentary Labour circles, is now unfavourable to an October election—in 1950. Whilst the long sittings claim a few victims, Government majorities have generally been satisfactory, and optimism has spread from the Front to the Back Bench. Glanville was expressing more than a joke when he said: "Members, unite! You have nothing to lose but your trains!"

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Academic Liberty

TWO important questions, one of principle and the other of fact, have emerged from the extended correspondence in our columns on the case of Mr. Andrew Rothstein, whose temporary appointment at the School of Slavonic Studies was not renewed. The first, given urgency by the campaign against "Reds" in American academic life, is whether Communists are fit persons to teach in schools and universities. The second is whether Mr. Rothstein, an avowed Communist, was in fact the victim of a political discrimination which violates the canons of academic freedom.

The matter of fact is in dispute. Certainly, as some of our correspondents have argued, it would be ludicrous if Communists, or any minority group, were to enjoy peculiar security of tenure, irrespective of merit, for fear that their dismissal would call forth charges of persecution. Such an absurdity is not impossible; a liberal-minded university might retain an incompetent for fear of seeming to surrender to reactionary clamour. But it will be admitted that this danger is very much less serious than that technical grounds may be discovered to gloss over what are really political prejudices against a teacher of unorthodox views. Dismissal of industrial militants for "redundancy" is an old employers' practice which is still found useful.

We do not presume to judge Mr. Rothstein's scholarship, save to note that his academic adequacy has been vouched for by responsible people. But in a period when the U.S.S.R. and other Slavonic nations are regarded as potential enemies, the Foreign Office and other official bodies may conceivably view the School of Slavonic Studies less as a cloister for objective research than as a training school both for political warfare specialists and potential Intelligence agents, just as they view physics laboratories as places where atomic and similar secret work may be done—and desire the exclusion of Communists from both as "security risks." We have no reason to question the academic integrity of the School of Slavonic Studies. But the pressure to remove Communists from "sensitive" positions is growing, and the School's decision not to renew Mr. Rothstein's appointment was bound to give rise to controversy which seems likely to remain unresolved.

The details of Mr. Rothstein's case are very much less important than the issue of principle. It is already becoming a habit in some academic circles to append to testimonials (often eulogistic in terms of the candidate's capacities) the statement that he is a member of the Communist Party. There is danger in this practice. It suggests that because a man is a Communist he cannot be entrusted to teach anything but Communism, which is a totalitarian not a democratic thesis. On that basis the University of Prague would be justified in dismissing non-Communist lecturers, and in this Protestant country we ought to return to discrimination against Catholics, who certainly cannot research freely into the origins of life or teach history "without bias." On the other hand, integrity and the disclosure of bias are indispensable to honest teaching. The Communist who conceals that he is a Communist is likely to be unworthy of his profession.

To-day the clear and present danger to intellectual liberty in the West lies less in the heresies of the teacher than in the mood that follows the persecution of heresy, as we may see by examining the results of the American heresy-hunt. The last thing a free university should be is a purveyor of orthodoxy. Its very purpose demands that it should be heterodox: and that may best be secured by permitting the clash and correction of all opinions in the market-place of ideas.

Japanese Question Mark

THE American Mission in Tokyo is trying to find an answer to the question which now dominates political life in Japan—whether they will have a Peace Treaty and, if so, who will be their co-signatories. That such a question can be asked less than five years after Hiroshima only underlines the irony of Japan's post-war history: not only are the enemies of yesterday considered as potential allies of to-day, but the Allies of the war years are now divided into two rival camps. Mr. Dean Acheson was unable to present or to discuss a Peace Treaty in London because the State and Defence Departments in Washington cannot agree on a policy. And because British Commonwealth policy is considered to be dependent on American initiative, the Commonwealth Working Party also took no decision and issued no communiqué.

Indecision in Washington and silence in London might postpone an explosion in Tokyo; they cannot prevent it—a fact which must surely strike Mr. Louis Johnson, the American Secretary of Defence, General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Mr. Dulles. If, however, they regard Japan only in operational terms, as a strategic base and a war potential, and the Japanese merely as 80 million allies against the U.S.S.R., they will not only fail where the Foreign Ministers and the Commonwealth Representatives failed, they will quicken the explosion.

One fact they cannot afford to ignore. The atmosphere in Japan has changed since Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson discussed the terms of a Peace Treaty last autumn. The days of Japanese docility are over, and what at one time seemed polite, even enthusiastic support for the American occupation now emerges as the subtle tactics of a defeated Power. Co-operation is gradually being interpreted as suspicious collaboration. The conquerors' day is over; the crowd of American officials and their families who swarmed into Japan in 1945-46 have outlived their welcome and their usefulness in 1950; the G.I. now appears as a foreign interloper. Even General MacArthur, arrogant, isolated from the people by American

"yes-men" and Japanese flatterers, gradually emerges as a dictator, maybe a dictator with feet of clay. How innocently, one Japanese said to a foreign correspondent, "he has let himself be led up the road of the flowering cherry trees."

This reflects a mood which the heroes of Okinawa and Bataan did not foresee when, after Hiroshima and Nagasaki were atomised, they landed in thousands to rule Japan and to teach the Japanese the American way of life. And they misunderstand it if they interpret it either as ingratitude or as Moscow-inspired. Sensitive about their failure in China, many Americans will point out that, in Japan, they have kept law and order; that their taxpayers have spent billions of dollars to feed the Japanese people; that General MacArthur has provided them with a Constitution; that he has employed a vast staff of men and women to teach them the value of statistics, of trade union and other laws, the superiority of modern medicine and plumbing; and that they have generously distributed millions of Bibles, magazines, films and textbooks.

Such claims are undoubtedly true. But the recipients of these gifts increasingly feel that law and order are based on American bayonets; that America's bulging larders could easily afford even the 70 per cent of Japan's food supplied in 1945 and 1946; that a well-fed people was a good investment. As for the Constitution, General MacArthur turned down the draft presented at his request by Prime Minister Yoshida and then gave him 15 minutes to agree to the draft made by the American G.H.Q. (It was based on American, not on Japanese traditions, and most of the imposed laws shared this defect.) And as for the American way of life, the Japanese, receptive as they are to ideas, prefer to walk up their sacred mountain rather than to ride in the funicular an American company wanted to build up Fujiyama; and they treat with scepticism the easy answers to life's problems presented between the covers of American Bibles or glossy magazines.

These remarks are mainly confined to the cities; outside, in the Japanese villages which constitute the greater part of these islands, life goes on as before. The conquering Power is rarely seen, although it must be added that in the first two years of the Occupation, two million peasants became the owners of the land they cultivated. Finally, the political minded Japanese in town and in countryside begin to ask how America democracy is compatible with the return to power of the Old Guard, the "New Zaibatsu" as they are called, with the increasing pressure against non-Communist progressives and the banning of the Communist Party, whose leaders were freed from prison by G.I.s in 1945. Such questions, combined with the uncertainty of a Peace Treaty, go a long way towards explaining the explosive material just underneath the surface of Japanese life.

The American Mission, dangerously, may be tempted to use Prime Minister Yoshida's victory in the elections as a justification for a separate Peace Treaty. It is strongly opposed by influential non-Communist progressives and by the Communist Party. General MacArthur has taken the precaution of barring all twenty-four members of the Communist Party's Central Committee from public office and of instructing the Japanese Government to prepare to outlaw the Party. Divorced from Japanese life—he rarely sees any Japanese and never moves outside Tokyo—he will only repeat Chiang Kai-shek's miscalculations if he believes that such action will neutralise anti-Americanism. For although it is true that the 19th Central Executive Committee Meeting of the C.P. in April decided on a policy of more violent opposition to the American occupation—stating their basic objective to be "the emancipating of our race from the control of international monopolistic capitalists"—there is a growing feeling among other progressives that it is time the Occupation was ended. It found expression at the Memorial Day demonstration in May, when American soldiers were kicked and stoned, when Dr. W. C. Eels, General MacArthur's educational officer, was shouted down by a thousand students, and when Brigadier Courtney Whitney received 85 telegrams in 48 hours from provincial bodies protesting indirectly about his advice to the Diet on a local taxation Bill then under discussion.

The Communists naturally exploit this growing anti-Americanism; they have not caused it. The reason for it is to be found, not in Moscow, but in Washington, in the unwillingness of the Americans to risk ending the Occupation because they now regard Japan in terms of war potential. There is a general suspicion that the Mission is trying to strike a bargain with the Liberals and the Right Wing groups, offering a separate Peace Treaty in return for the use of Japanese bases. This would merely deepen the rifts in Japan's political life and increase Soviet-American tension, since the Russians could only reply by withdrawing from the Allied Control in Tokyo and possibly offering a separate Peace Treaty—on terms which would have Chinese support.

Mr. Johnson and his colleagues can neither afford to ignore Japan's growing restlessness nor to prolong the dilemma of American policy. Economically, the Japanese already demand an end to the present restrictive practices which limit their trade with other Asian countries and the West. The influential Osaka Chamber of Commerce recently put forward a trade programme allocating 40 per cent to China, 20 per cent to dollar markets and 20 per cent to the sterling area—a realistic calculation. Politically, the Japanese will not remain a satellite of America. They are fully aware of the nationalist ferment throughout Asia, and of the decisive changes in China. They are conscious of their traditional rôle—they regard themselves as the Germany of the Far East—as determining the balance of power between the two World Blocs.

Militarily, they know that the American Chiefs of Staff Mission recently advised that Russia's possession of the atom bomb makes such advance bases as Okinawa indefensible, so that bases on the Japanese mainland are now essential to American strategy. But this really means the whole of Japan, since isolated bases would also be vulnerable, and, as Walter Lippmann points out, such a policy is only feasible if America continues her present occupational rights. Hence the unwillingness to end the Occupation—on the American side. General MacArthur argues that military necessity must over-ride political considerations. Japan can provide bases for patrolling Alaskan waters and for raids on Siberian airfields. The existing American garrison of 125,000 men, given air support, could resist a sea invasion from the Asian mainland; ample, dispersed airfields with an airline of hundreds of planes could ensure supplies. It would be strange if any but the most reactionary anti-Communists in Japan showed any enthusiasm for such a policy, since it relegates to their countrymen the role of compensating America for her shortage of cannon fodder and makes their country into an advance atom-bomb carrier from which the American Air Force could attack the Russo-Chinese land mass—the area of the world least vulnerable to atom-bombing.

Mr. Bevin, who took the initiative in recognising the realities of Communist China, can now make a further contribution by leading the Commonwealth Nations in urging a Conference of all the Powers concerned in a Peace Treaty. If this helped America to end her own internal conflict about Japan—so largely the result of General MacArthur's long assumption of personal sovereignty—the world's peace would be all the less precarious.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

From a Palestine Notebook

"THE worst article I ever read about our collective farms (*kibbutzim*)," said my host, "was by a very enthusiastic journalist." After that, of course, I had to be doubly critical. I had indeed begun to feel rather like the unregenerate traveller in *News from Nowhere* who suddenly finds himself in a Socialist Utopia. The gardens were bewilderingly beautiful and there was a great air of prosperity wherever one looked. Not only the children, but the young men and women at work were the picture of health, and they looked much happier, even if less elegant, than the idealised types that Walter Crane drew for William Morris. This was an old established *kibbutz* with a population of about 1,700. It was in fact a complete and well-balanced Socialist village in which thriving industries had grown up side by side with farm life.

I asked much the same questions as the visitor in *News from Nowhere* and I got much the same answers, smiling explanations from a man who believed intensely in this new world, but also understood that he had to be patient with the ignorance of the traveller from the pre-revolutionary capitalist period. Were people satisfied not to earn money individually? Were there no problems between peoples of different nationality? How did they qualify for membership? How did family life fare in the commune? Was I to understand that, in a "collective," people were somehow purged of jealousy, ambition and greed?

He said: "We're not better than other people, but those of us who stay here do so because we have voluntarily chosen the communal life. People who don't like our way of life can always leave. We don't accept members until we are fairly sure they will want to stay and we are sure we want to have them. We—that is, the democratically chosen council—have a lot of experience and we don't make many mistakes about accepting members and we learn too how to smooth out a great many individual troubles that would be serious in the capitalist world. I should say that relations between men and women are much the same as they are anywhere else, except that the problems are simplified by economic security and the absence of any censorious public opinion. We have learnt to be tolerant. In point of fact, most of the young men and women get married and their marriages are more stable than in the world outside, to judge from the newspapers."

Not everyone, my host readily agreed, was content with Utopia. He introduced me to an English woman who was staining chairs as they came out of the furniture factory—a job she said she detested. "No," she said, "it's no use my pretending that this is the life I'd have chosen for myself. It's different for very young people or for those who are brought up to it. I find it very hard. I like my own earnings to spend and shops to choose in; I don't like working all day in a factory and eating the communal meals I'm given and wearing just what the store provides. No outside life. No movies. Nothing to do in the evenings except go to bed. I'm quite ready to put up with it because my children are wonderfully looked after. But that's one of the things I can't get used to. I want to have my children sleep with me. Three hours of your own babies isn't enough."

Many young settlers, including a large proportion of recent immigrants, reject collectives and choose "co-operatives"—that is, villages composed of small holdings working together—just because in co-operatives each family has its own farm and each mother looks after her own children. In the pioneering stage the advantages of having a special nursery building looked after by women who specialise in the care of children, are obvious. It frees the young women for the maximum of work. Every domestic arrangement is simplified. How could women begin the day's farm work with the men at 6 o'clock, maintaining their economic equality, if they had their children to sleep with them? And how, anyway, could a change be made which would demand rebuilding most of the houses of every *kibbutz*? Until you have married you share with others of your own sex; you announce your marriage by asking for a room with your lover. But a room doesn't include a bathroom or any amenities for rearing a child.

I heard other criticisms from members of the large non-political and well-established kind of *kibbutz*. Not everyone felt like an able young engineer with whom I spent the morning in a collective farm. He had experience in the capitalist world. His enthusiasm for the *kibbutz* was at least partly based, as he explained, on the fact that he found there more opportunity for personal initiative and enterprise than he could ever hope for under capitalism. He had persuaded the *kibbutz* to invest heavily in machinery; he was sure it would improve their standard of life and, unless they could do that, he said, "I don't see how collectives are to last now that the pioneering period is over." You could not expect people, he said, to remain in these disciplined, Socialist communities unless their standard of life was as high or higher than that of the best paid town workers.

In contrast with this commonsense, materialistic type of Socialism, it is still possible to find among the wide variety of co-operatives and collectives, many small *kibbutzim* where the spirit is not greatly changed since the early pioneering days. I recall the religious collective called "Lavee," which is magnificently situated on a barren hillside above the Sea of Galilee. I'd seen some of the boys and girls working there not long ago when they were training at a collective farm near Thaxted, in Essex. For the past twelve months, together with groups from similar training camps, they had been lifting the stones from the earth with their hands, ploughing and sowing it, carting up water, building wooden huts, striving to achieve friendship with local Arabs and living the original pioneering life of the collective. Already they had a hillside of growing wheat to their credit.

So we see the two types of cement existing together. My host at the first *kibbutz* I described was as idealistic and religious an adherent of a Socialist faith as any member of the group at Lavee. But I suspect that there are more to day in the large established and prosperous *kibbutzim* who share my engineer's belief that the whole idea of a voluntary collective can only last if it is materially successful. Indeed, I have met important people with personal experience of life in the collectives who roundly declare that the whole idea is now out of date and that it cannot possibly survive as the pioneers become middle-aged people. I've heard it prophesied that newcomers will not be interested in the collective idea and that the original land workers will want to rest on their laurels, sometimes even regarding the land as their private property and feeling it their right to leave the work to the new generation.

I've heard all this flatly denied, and so far the argument is on the side of the Socialists, who declare that the life-blood of Israel is its idealism and that the Socialist character of its organisation is due not to accident, but to the conception of social justice that runs through all the Jewish scriptures. It would be interesting to follow up this controversy, and it is strange that sociologists, who have argued so much about human nature in relation to Socialism and individualism, have done so little work in studying this unique Palestine experiment. In so far as it was a controlled experiment in Socialism their chance is probably now disappearing, since new factors are changing the social landscape.

The social crisis that now besets Israel is due to the proclamation of the State, and to the decision to accept unlimited Jewish immigration. The basic organisation of Israel, the *kibbutzim* and the *Histadrut* (the comprehensive Labour organisation) have preceded the formation of the State. What is to be their relation to it? Already in some form a battle has begun between these established organisations and the new Government whose scope must be the welfare of the entire country.

Ben Gurion as Prime Minister must take into mind the private enterprise section as well as the Socialist; he must seek to develop the land according to a national pattern, utilising, but not always deferring to, the established practice of the *kibbutzim*. The arrival of hundreds of thousands of immigrants of all different stages of culture imposes a problem which the State, the *Histadrut*, the collectives and private enterprise all alike have to face. Somehow or other these immigrants must be absorbed; if collectives and co-operatives are insufficient, then Israel has a greater need than ever for private capital. On what terms it shall be accepted and into what enterprises it shall be directed—these undecided questions are of the utmost importance for the new State of Israel.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

(To be concluded)

London Diary

MY suggestion that the Oxford Group may have inspired the Schuman Plan has encouraged others to investigate this fascinating problem. The *Evening Standard*, for instance, last week disclosed that a fortnight ago Dr. Buchman was in Germany. There, according to the *Londoner's Diary*, he was invested with the knighthood of the Legion of Honour, and President Auriol sent Senator Eboué to Germany specially in order to carry out the investiture. Among those who congratulated Dr. Buchman were the French Ministers of Labour and Reconstruction, one of the Ministers of State in the President's Council, five former Cabinet Ministers, two Vice-Presidents of the National Assembly, the President of the Commission of the Interior and the President of the Commission of Labour. Another interesting side-light on the mystery was mentioned to me by a friend in the Foreign Office. He was lunching one day with an English Grouper who happens to be a junior B.B.C. official and discovered to his surprise that he knew about the closely guarded secret of the Schuman Plan some days before it was published.

The most important evidence for the theory, however, is the character of the Schuman Plan. The British experts who spent five days discussing it with M. Monnet were increasingly baffled by the lack of any detail. For a Grouper, however, this would be a positive advantage. He believes that the solution of the world's problems is to change a few individuals on both sides of industry or in the political parties or in the various national Cabinets. The idea that twelve "changed" men, elevated above all national governments and freed from all political directives, can solve the problems of Western European coal and steel may sound dangerous

nonsense to a humdrum politician. It makes perfectly good sense to the Oxford Group, and their one determination would be to prevent any accurate definition of the nature or tasks of the supra-national authority since this would impede the free operation of Guidance.

* * *

I have just received a large photograph clipped from the front page of *Die Burger*, a South African Nationalist paper, of June 15. It shows a Coloured man on the ground being beaten and kicked in face and stomach by a uniformed policeman and a plain-clothes detective. The picture is brutal and, in effect if not intention, an incitement to such violence. The occasion of this attack, a reliable eye-witness writes, was a protest meeting against the unprecedented anti-Communist Bill, organised by the Civil Rights League, "a most respectable body," from which, after the meeting, a large deputation went to the Houses of Parliament, proceeding quite peacefully.

> When I arrived there, every entrance was manned by strong White police squads, and they moved to surround the demonstrators. An officer gave them five minutes to disperse, but before he finished his sentence the police charged, using their truncheons indiscriminately and kicking people when they were down. The Nationalist papers and the police claim that stones were thrown and the police attacked. I was there on the spot, and can tell you that this claim is completely false. And this happened in the Cape, normally free from violence and excesses. The enclosed photograph may give you some idea of the mood here.

The "mood," the savage beating up, the contempt for any plea of decency or humanity, the use of race and Communism to cover the lust for absolute power—these take one back to Germany in 1933.

* * *

Ever since Nuremberg, we have been asking who is responsible for a given act of war: the man who orders it, the man who carries it out, or both? President Truman has manfully taken the responsibility for ordering the dropping of the first atomic bomb. Apparently he has not lost much sleep over the matter, for he has said that he would do it again if he found it necessary. Not so Mr. Robert Lewis, formerly a bombardier in the United States Army Air Force. It was Mr. Lewis who pressed the button which brought death to 80,000 people in Hiroshima. Now, according to *Le Devoir*, a Catholic newspaper published in Montreal, he has entered a monastery because he has "lost his inner peace." *Le Devoir* asks pertinently how much inner peace is going to be lost in the next war, and "how many young men will be condemned to blow up whole towns with the hydrogen bomb."

* * *

A propos responsibility for bombing, a reader chides me with falling over backwards in an effort to be fair to the Americans who are bitterly criticised in Europe for the carelessness of their bombing in the last war. Perhaps the right way of putting it is this. In bombing the enemy, especially Germans, no one bombed more indiscriminately than the R.A.F. After all it was Bomber Harris who boasted of civilian bombing as a policy. Against this we have to record that the American bombers were much less trained than the British, and that the British in bombing Allied and neutral countries were far less careless than the Americans. We did, of course, a great deal of destruction in France before the invasion, but this was widely understood by the French as a necessary operation. In countries like Norway and Denmark you will even to-day be shown the examples of superb British skill in destroying military objectives—in one spectacular case the Nazi "Brown House" was picked out and destroyed as neatly as if it were a rotten tooth which had been extracted by a dentist. And in some cases you will be told that after just such a piece of precision bombing, the Americans went in and smashed the place up. At any rate that is what the public believes and they will add that the Americans "could not care less" and ask in a puzzled way why it was that they did not care about wiping out the people of Europe and thirty centuries of culture with them, seeing that only a generation or so ago, they themselves were Italians, Germans, Poles and other Europeans.

* * *

On the night of the first day of Ascot, the Junior Carlton did its not inconsiderable best to demonstrate how wrong its members are when they complain that the rich are all impoverished and that Englishmen are now all reduced to a dead level of dullness by a Socialist Government. The gas torches were flaring away as if to proclaim a famous victory. The gilded youth of England, in full regalia and the loveliest ball dresses, trod up the red carpet, into an entrancing world of pre-war gaiety and splendour. If all are equal, as George Orwell put it, some are certainly more equal than others. I did not at first see all this. My view was blocked by a crowd, gathered on each side of the entrance, waiting for Winston Churchill, that day happily unhurt after an accident in which his car had apparently run into his attendant police car. I said to a bystander: "What's on here to-night?" "You can search me," he replied, "a dart match, I expect."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Perhaps some of your readers could suggest how one might teach children the difference between the unfortunate mongrel curs that roam our streets and the dogs owned by decent, culturally enlightened Englishmen.—Letter in *Middlesex County Times & Gazette*. (L. C. O. White.)

The saddest sight in the world are the rows of British visitors locked in Continental hotel lounges by currency restrictions.—*Manchester Evening News*. (G. Brooks.)

Speaking at the annual conference, at Llandudno, of the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, the president, G. Bryn Jones, said that there would be less juvenile crime if boys were allowed to deliver newspapers.—*World's Press News*. (J. R. Glen.)

Dogs walked and exercised. Also dog sitter.—Advt. in Dog Services Club *Monthly Bulletin*. (C. W. Denniss.)

Yugoslavia Now

II. Tito's "World Mission"

At a public meeting on May 15 of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Yugoslav Parliament—a meeting summoned with dramatic suddenness—Mr. Dedijer announced that the war of nerves against Yugoslavia had started up again in all earnestness. Not far from the Yugoslav border, in Rumania, Russian troops were laying pontoon bridges across the Danube, and were building new airfields. Russian tanks were rumbling through the streets of Sofia, and the most menacing anti-Yugoslav slogans were being carried by Bulgarian troops on parade. All this, Dedijer said, contrasted very oddly with all the Ehrenburg and other Russian "peace jargon" that was being dished out to the West. The obvious inference he desired to be drawn was: Will the West be lulled to sleep by the Ehrenburgs, and allow the Russians to persuade it that the Moscow-Belgrade quarrel is a family quarrel, with which it must not interfere? Tito keeps repeating that Yugoslavia is dead against all "blocs" and "alliances," but that she believes, and wants to believe, in Uno, for Uno is her only safeguard against aggression. Which is, in fact, just another way of saying that, if it came to the worst, Yugoslavia would expect to be defended by the West.

Although the Yugoslavs doubt whether the Russians are likely to invade them, they think they might do so, none the less, if all other attempts at overthrowing the Tito regime failed. For the Yugoslav leaders think, or like to think, that they are, in the long run, ideologically extremely dangerous to Russia. Djilas, in his now famous election address to the students of Belgrade University (a school-teacher in Sarajevo described it to me as "one of the great monumental works of Marxism-Leninism") said:

> For a long time the Soviet Union was hemmed in by capitalism, and what developed there was bureaucracy and centralism, and the State became a force above society. . . . Yet, under real Socialism, an administrative machine cannot take upon itself an ideological monopoly without, at the same time, destroying the very principles of Socialist democracy. . . .
>
> What we witness is the development of unequal relations with other Socialist countries and their exploitation; the un-Marxist treatment of the idea of the Leader, with its vulgar falsification of history and its idolatry; differences in wages, which are greater than in bourgeois democracies to-day; the fomenting of Great-Russian chauvinism . . . the prohibition of the struggle of ideas, and the stifling of all mental initiative on the part of the people.

And then he struck the "missionary" note:

> We are the Hegelian negation of the existing position of world Socialism, and, as such, we are the yeast, the spark that is needed for the future progress of Socialism. Our Yugoslav revolution has become an event of international significance. . . .
>
> We are the pioneers in the task of strengthening and developing Socialist democracy. . . . Our struggle against Soviet hegemony has shown other nations one way. Only later will history be able to judge the full significance of this bold and as yet unrecognised undertaking by a small and relatively undeveloped country.

There is no doubt about it. The Yugoslav leaders to-day are waging a fierce ideological war

against Moscow, and are, in fact, building a powerful new wireless station to put their ideas across in the East. There are two points worth considering. Djilas and others have formulated, in "Marxist" terms, exactly the same kind of revulsion against Soviet dogmatism and against the infallibility of Stalin and the infallibility of the Party as has been expressed so often by Western critics—not otherwise hostile to the Soviet Union.

Seconaly, it is worth noting that the present ideological quarrel with Moscow marks a new stage in the development of Soviet-Yugoslav "relations"—if one may call them that. After all, until June 1948, Yugoslavia, too, was guilty, as Yugoslav Communists readily admit, of a certain "idolisation" of both Stalin and the Soviet Union. The Cominform Resolution took a lot of explaining to a people who had been fed for years on pro-Soviet propaganda. At first, there was an attempt to differentiate between the Cominform and the C.P.S.U.; then to differentiate between wicked Zhdanov and wise Stalin; then there was a tendency to lay great store on signs of "Titoism" and pro-Yugoslav sentiment, especially in the Czech, Polish, and Bulgarian Communist Parties. But Yugoslav criticism of Russia was still very restrained.

The real turning point—after which words were no longer minced by the Yugoslavs—came last autumn, as a result of two events: first, the Rajk Trial, and secondly, the September-October, 1949, "war scare," when, it is said, there was something of a concentration of Russian troops in Hungary and Rumania. Whether they were genuinely scared or not, the Yugoslav leaders made the most of it, both internally and internationally. Tito's speeches during the army manœuvres in October made a strong impression on the Yugoslav people. Elected by Western votes to the Security Council, Yugoslavia began to play an increasingly prominent part at Lake Success in showing up the inconsistencies of Vyshinsky's and Manuilsky's "peace policy" and "Yugoslav policy." Manuilsky's phrase, "that terrible country"—meaning Yugoslavia—was well exploited to show that the Soviet Government was in a towering rage, not only against the "Tito clique" but against the Yugoslav people as a whole, for failing to overthrow the "clique," and for not even trying. Anti-Soviet sentiment throughout Yugoslavia today is a fact. Nowhere have I heard a good word said about Russia—not even in Montenegro, which was always supposed to be traditionally pro-Russian, and, in 1948, a stronghold of "Cominformism."

For this change of sentiment in relation to Russia there are some very strong reasons. The Soviet and Cominform propaganda that is pumped into Yugoslavia by 25 wireless stations not only indulges in an orgy of the crudest vilification of the Yugoslav leaders, which is offensive even to people by no means pro-Tito, but it is thoroughly offensive about Yugoslavia as a country. It is mendacious to the point of being ridiculous, and it is also absurd in its superlative deification of everything Soviet. At the end of 1948 the Yugoslav Government thought of jamming these Cominform broadcasts, but now they are delighted with them: nothing, they say, is discrediting the Cominform countries more in the eyes of the Yugoslav people than this propaganda. And scarcely less important in creating widespread hostility to Russia are the numerous alleged cases of persecution to which Yugoslavs are subjected in Cominform countries.

But what about the "world importance" of the Yugoslav ideas, what about the "spark" and the "yeast" of which Djilas spoke? Has not "Titoism," as an international movement, proved a failure? The Yugoslavs have no doubt that there was, in most of the Eastern countries, a movement of revolt against Russian conformism similar to theirs. There was Gomulka in Poland, Rajk in Hungary, and Patrasceanu in Rumania, and probably thousands of whom the outside world was not allowed to hear. But with "Titoism" proclaimed a deadly heresy, the revolt against Russian conformism was driven underground. One of the leading Yugoslav intellectuals, talking to me over a cup of Turkish coffee at his house at Dedinje, outside Belgrade, told me he thought that, despite the terror against "Titoites," some very serious discussions were going on under cover in all Communist Parties, including the Soviet C.P. "Why do you think," he said, "the Soviet C.P. are still hesitating, even after 11 years, to call a Party Congress? Is it not because Yugoslavia has created the most formidable *crise de conscience* among the rank and file, and that the Soviet bureaucrats are scared stiff in case their line of treating us merely as a clique of Fascists and traitors fails to convince? Mind you, we are not trying to set up any "Belgrade International," but we know that our revolt against the Soviet conceptions of bureaucratic and anti-democratic infallibility is bound to spread—if only because the Soviet ideas are contrary to human nature. They are not what people expect from Socialism."

I asked my host what he thought of the Soviet argument that, with the Soviet Union and the People's Democracies threatened with war from the capitalist West, it was necessary for all these countries to be closely welded together. He did not agree with this, and thought that the "tyranny" exercised by the Russians in Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc., did not increase, but diminished, these countries' loyalty to the Soviet Union. "Real alliances can only be voluntary—as Hitler learned from bitter experience," he said

"All this may be as you say," I said to my host. "But how is it that 'Titoism' has made no progress in the Western Communist Parties, which are not held together by police terror?" "It is true," he replied, "that it has mainly affected only some of the intellectuals. The rank and file, with no direct experience of the Soviets, still have a sentimentalised and idealised view of the Soviet Union. Under capitalism, it still remains, in their eyes, a stronghold of Social Justice. It is also still associated in their minds with the Red Army and their own Resistance movements, and they are over-impressed by the present Soviet peace campaign. But they will see more clearly in time. It may take years and years before our battle against Soviet 'revisionism' triumphs but it will in the end. The Russian Communists themselves will be glad when it does."

In to-day's jittery world the Yugoslav leaders are refreshingly self-confident. Or seem to be.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Belgrade, June.

The Miner Vanishes

LIKE many a pretty woman, the National Coal Board has failed to hold its man. The great post-war recruiting campaign for the pits, which raised the labour force from 697,000 in 1946 to 724,000 in 1948, has petered out, and net recruitment is failing to keep pace with net wastage. Last year, there were only 52,000 new entrants in the industry to replace 68,500 lost through deaths, retirements, sickness and—biggest factor of all—"releases." During May of this year, the intake was only 3,747, against an outflow of 5,543, and the total number on colliery books had fallen to 699,400 on June 3, as compared with a 1938 figure of 781,672. A further disquieting feature is that of the "releases"—that is, the men who voluntarily quit the industry—a significantly high proportion (over 12,000 last year) consists of miners between twenty and twenty-six years of age—the very men who have cost the most to train and can least be spared.

Considerable doubt is thus cast on the estimate of the *Economic Survey* that deep-mined output in 1950 will be sufficient, after allowing for some increase in opencast production, to meet a home demand for about 200 million tons and provide 19-22 million tons for export and foreign bunkers. In the first twenty-three weeks of this year, total saleable output had risen by approximately 1½ million tons, as compared with a year ago, but inland consumption had increased by 2 million tons, and total distributed stocks were over 1½ million tons lower than at this time last summer. If next winter is severe, the prospect of another coal shortage—either for the home consumer or the foreign buyer—cannot be excluded.

If the Coal Board fails to achieve its target—a target set (as many think), on the low side as a result of Lord Hyndley's conservative estimate of the prospective internal consumption of coal—there will no doubt be the usual outcry in the Tory press about tonnage lost through absenteeism. Admittedly this is still high—despite a recent slight improvement—and nearly twice as high as in pre-war days; but in this connection several points should be borne in mind. First, out of this year's figure of just over 12 per cent total absenteeism, over 7 per cent is "involuntary"—i.e. the consequence of sickness and minor injuries. No-one would wish to see a reversion to the evil days of the inter-war period when sheer poverty drove colliers dangerously to put in shifts, even when they were physically unfit; and against the growth since 1938 in absence on account of "non-serious" injuries must be set the fact that the weekly loss of coal through accidents and breakdowns has dropped from 39,000 tons in 1945 to 7,600 tons last year.

In addition, not only has output per manshift risen, but there is a tendency to exaggerate grossly the quantity of coal lost through absenteeism. True, on hand-cut faces output can be seriously lessened by absenteeism; but these are now the exception in mining technique. Where cutting is mechanised, a full team of, say, fifty miners working on a 150-yard face will usually complete their stint at least an hour before the end of the shift. Suppose five men are absent, the remaining forty-five will still clear the face in plenty of time—and make more money by so doing. Thus absenteeism may affect adversely the *price* of coal, but it does not diminish total output nearly as much as is commonly imagined, since the complete "mining cycle" is nearly always maintained in spite of it. This is not to say that voluntary absenteeism could not be reduced: it should be. But, before casting blame indiscriminately on "slackers" in the mines, the public should remember that there will always be a "natural" absenteeism rate for the mining industry. For men employed on unhealthy, arduous work deep underground, the present grant of one week's holiday with pay is completely inadequate. Until paid holidays are extended to at least a fortnight, it is obvious that colliers will continue to take French leave, and have a day, like other men, in the fresh air, whenever they can afford to do so. And who, working in the daylight, is going to blame them?

If, then, relatively little is to be hoped from an abatement of absenteeism, either "voluntary" or in the form of approved holidays, as an offset to declining manpower, what is to be done? Clearly every effort must be made to check the present alarming flow of men, and particularly young men, out of the industry. On paper, schemes recently launched for education, training and promotion are encouraging; but they are not enough. Wages apart, greater security in the form of more generous pensions would probably be the most effective measure which could be taken to hold men. Even so, the country may have to face the fact that manpower in the mining industry will continue to dwindle. This means that plans for more complete mechanisation, and, above all, for the concentration of effort on the more productive pits, including the opening up of new workings, must be speeded up to keep abreast with a declining labour force.

Incredible as it may seem, five years after Vesting Day the coal industry still lacks its long-promised Plan. Lord Hyndley, it is said, intends soon to retire. If his successor is a man in closer touch with the practical problems of production, no-one will be more pleased than the miners throughout the coalfields. As it is, nobody in contact with the industry can have failed to observe how greatly the recent toughening of the miners' attitude on the Consultative Committees reflects the failure of the Board, as at present constituted, to win the confidence of the men, or—above all—to convince the younger colliers, not so wedded as the older miners are to the pits, that it is worth sticking to a "tough" industry on which Britain's whole economy depends.

HELEN GOSSE

Apartheid Defined

(By a Correspondent)

THE Nationalists won the 1948 election by exploiting the racial fears and prejudices of the electorate. But though the vast majority of White South Africans would like to live undisturbed by the complexities of contact with Coloured people, they also wish to take advantage of the wealth of an industrial society. Their industrial revolution has been slowly taking place throughout the century. Its consequences, as in other countries, have been to attract people from the rural areas into the towns and to build up an urban society. In a country where nine-tenths of the population is Non-European, this process could not be confined to Europeans, particularly when the customs of White society demanded that all menial labour be performed by Coloured people. The main concern of the Europeans for the last forty years has therefore been how to preserve the superiority of the White population, how to prevent those White people from being "soiled" by contact with Coloured people, and yet, at the same time, to enjoy the benefits which would accrue to them by using Coloured labour.

The two desires are clearly contradictory; but White South Africans, under successive Governments since 1910, have refused to admit the fact. All manner of attempts have been made to separate the Non-European from the European, and to prevent him from gaining that education and self-confidence which result from life in an urban society. Yet the demand for his labour has constantly defeated both these purposes, so that the influx of Non-Europeans to the towns has continued to swell, and their contacts and organisation there has brought them increasing social and political consciousness.

The Nationalist Party claimed in 1948 to be determined to deal with this threat to White domination by applying their policy of *Apartheid*. The Party itself was divided as to the exact implication of the word, and there is no doubt that argument within the Party still exists. The theoreticians of the Party, mainly drawn from the Stellenbosch professors and including the new Secretary of the Department of Native Affairs, Dr. Eiselen, maintained that *Apartheid* involved the creation of at least two separate States in South Africa, White and Non-White; and this policy of creating a Bantustan was fully supported by the Dutch Reformed Church, the spiritual mentor of the Nationalists, at its conference in April.

Argument on this issue has lately become so important that the Government, through Premier Malan, has expressly denied that its policy includes the setting up of a Bantustan State. The Prime Minister declared in the Assembly after the Easter recess and immediately after the Dutch Reformed Church conference, that though such a form of *Apartheid* was the ultimate ideal, it was not immediately practical because the economic structure of the country is based upon native labour. Again, reality was forcing the hand of ideology; the Nationalists had learnt something from their experience in office. But they are not any the less fanatically determined to push through as complete a segregation as possible. They have now completed their legislative programme for this end, beginning last year with the Mixed Marriages Act and adding, this session, the Amendment to the Immorality Act, the Population Registration Act and the Group Areas Act. These measures began by forbidding any form of sexual union between European and Non-European, proceeded to classify by identity cards the racial origin of every inhabitant, and have just concluded by giving the Government power to divide up the entire country into racial areas in which householders, property owners and tenants must be of the specified racial group. At the same time administrative action has been rigorously pursued to enforce segregation in all public places, particularly in transport vehicles and post offices.

The next step will be another attempt to force through political *Apartheid*, involving the complete disenfranchisement of the Natives and the removal of the Coloured people from the common roll in the Cape Province. This will depend on whether the Nationalists can persuade Mr. Havenga, leader of the Afrikaner Party and Deputy Prime Minister, to abandon his constitutional scruples, and whether they can secure either the support of sufficient United Party Members or increase their strength from the elections in South-West Africa. It may well cause another general election.

The devotees of *Apartheid* have now, therefore, had to recognise that the Non-European is an essential factor in the national economy. They have been forced to admit that they must form a part of the urban as well as of the rural community. They would like to think that the time will come when Europeans can do without their labour, so that they can all be pushed into the Reserves; but the Reserves themselves are over-crowded and exhausted, and there seems no alternative labour force available. The Nationalists would like Native workers to be more available for the farms, where the master and servant relationship is absolute and no fear of equality obtains. But they have to admit that the farmer cannot compete with the towns in attracting labour. So, for the moment, Non-Europeans must remain in the towns; but, as the Minister of Native Affairs says: "It is admitted that Natives should remain in urban areas, but it is explicitly stated that they should have no political or equal social or other rights with Europeans." In the meantime, every possible form of indignity will be inflicted upon those allowed to stay, and every effort made to expel as many of them as possible, even to the extent of discouraging industry from expanding. This latter threat should not be taken lightly, for most of the Nationalists come from the rural areas of the *Platteland* and depend on them for their votes. Urban areas are to be considered as European areas; the Natives who are tolerated there as labourers will only be allowed to remain on a temporary basis, their rightful place being designated as their tribal society in the Reserves or serfdom on the farms. No form of human rights will

be accorded to them, and every attempt which they make to organise opposition to this system will be termed "Communist" and ruthlessly suppressed.

It should not be thought that this represents a temporary phase in South African life, or that significant opposition can be expected from other White political elements. Capitalist industrial interests might raise opposition if the policy went so far as to denude them of labour, but the Labour movement is more concerned with defending White workers from competition than recognising any identity of White interests with the Native workers.

The United Party, the official Opposition, are at present engaged in claiming that the new Government definition of *Apartheid* is merely a resurrection of their own Native policy, with the one exception of the franchise issue, and have admitted that this latter point is "the only difference between the policy of the Opposition and the policy of the Government." A considerable section of the U.P. is beginning to support the Government's policy actively, and there is little doubt that, as soon as Smuts leaves the political scene, his Party will split and leave the Nationalists without effective opposition.

The outlook for the Union, and for Africa, is tragic. The Non-European peoples, nine out of eleven million, have made great strides socially and educationally; and they will not accept the position of helots. Deprived of constitutional political rights, they can only resort to revolt and rebellion. The White population is desperately trying to prevent the rise of an African national consciousness and is using its power to separate and divide these rapidly developing forces. The attempt can at the most be only temporarily successful.

Cape Town, June.

So They Say . . .

"THERE is," stated *The Times* in an editorial, "a heavy responsibility . . . to refrain from making capital for any party . . . out of a serious international misunderstanding." This responsibility was enthusiastically renounced by Fleet Street last week, and the Government had its worst press since the election.

It began, last Tuesday, with the publication of *European Unity*. The "first shot" headlines were:— *Daily Mail:* SOCIALISTS TURN DOWN UNITED EUROPE; *Daily Express:* SOCIALISTS: WE KEEP OUT; *News Chronicle:* LABOUR REBUFF FOR EUROPEAN UNITY; *Daily Herald* (cautiously): LABOUR KEEPS ITS HANDS FREE. Unaware of the storm that was about to break, the *Herald* went on to emphasise that "*European Unity* is not simply a pamphlet issued by the Party. It is an official statement of policy by the National Executive Committee." ("Praise the Socialists for their good decision," added the *Daily Express* fervently in an editorial.)

The following day the barrage came down. CHURCHILL TAUNTS ATTLEE ON SCHUMAN PLAN, cried the *News Chronicle*, adding that AMERICA IS SHOCKED BY REBUFF TO EUROPE. "What *are* the Government playing at?" demanded the *Daily Mail*. SOCIALISTS' TWO VOICES AMAZE M.P.s, declared the *Daily Graphic*. The *Daily Express* abstrusely reasoned that "the Socialist Party, with a General Election in view, has decided to throw the burden of European integration on Mr. Churchill," while the *Daily Herald* concentrated almost entirely on the White Paper covering the Schuman Plan negotiations. (LETTERS, TALKS—BUT LAST HOPES DASHED).

On Friday, the gun-fire swelled to its climax. ROW IN SOCIALIST PARTY, reported the *Daily Express;* ATTLEE NOT TOLD OF POLICY STATEMENT—WILL HE DISOWN IT? Simultaneously all papers reported Paul Hoffman's first comment: IT'S DEPLORABLE. The *Daily Herald*, in an excess of candour, even made this quotation its main headline—while not bothering with the supposedly stormy 3-hour Cabinet meeting. The *Evening Standard* kept the pot boiling that afternoon with a report that "Mr. Attlee is infuriated to learn that M. Schuman knew all about it three days before the British Prime Minister."

"I am assured," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent next day, "that [such reports] are inaccurate."

Saturday found Mr. Hoffman having second thoughts (much less prominently reported), and the spotlight now falling on Mr. Bevin "incensed," according to the *Telegraph*, sending "fresh orders from his sickbed." The *Daily Herald* made its signed editorial into the front page lead, stating that the pamphlet had been "sensationally treated in the Press and bitterly attacked."

By Monday the bombardment had so far abated that the cordial outcome of the European Socialists' conference and the European Payments Union talks found little prominence in the popular press. Only the *Daily Express* kept up its fire; its front page lead was headlined SOCIALIST M.P. HITS PARTY, based on a letter to the *News Chronicle*.

Autolycus Nods

Last week, I put the *Daily Mirror* among the dailies which omitted to report Herbert Morrison's Perth speech. I was wrong. The *Mirror*, to emphasise the importance of this speech, gave it more than a column and a half, including three-quarter inch headlines, but placed the report in a feature page, not in its news columns. I apologise for my error; the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* suggests that I ought to be dealt with by the projected Press Council!

AUTOLYCUS

Our Pets

"THE trouble is," said the cocker spaniel breeder gloomily, "that everything's conspiring to kill the industry. I'll be fortunate if I've got a few hundred left for myself at the end of the season, and lots of others will be lucky to break even. Look at the price of dog biscuits—£97 a ton, instead of the pre-war £11 15s. These 30 cocker spaniels of mine cost me £50 a week to feed, apart from the kennelmen's pay—and they won't stand for any wage-freeze. At the end of the war, of course, it was different. There were gratuities to burn and people were willing to spend to get a pedigree dog. Now there's no spare money, and lots of people feel that if they can't have a well-bred dog, they'll do without. Cocker spaniel breeders are doing better than most, because cockers are the most popular dogs, here and in America. A dog I can sell here for £15 15s. brings me £100 if I ship it to the States. Naturally, I tend to concentrate on export."

Is the pet industry—and the word "industry" is used, significantly, by everyone connected with the sale of pets—surviving on the edge of ruin, in the mysterious manner of so many pre-war farms? At all events, expenditure on pets is well over £60 millions a year—many times the sum spent annually on industrial research. Britain's 2,500,000 non-pedigree dogs alone cost at least £45 millions a year in upkeep at an average per head of a shilling a day; and the bill for the maintenance of 500,000 pedigree dogs registered at the Kennel Club is put at about £40 millions. Moreover, the commercial "turnover" is impressive: some 30,000 thoroughbred dogs are sold each year for £600,000 and the export of another 500 brings in £150,000, mostly in dollars. For the 30,000 pedigree litters born each year, £150,000 is taken by the breeders in stud fees. To support this impressive financial structure, there are a thousand dog-fanciers' Societies, and twice that number of annual shows, at which winners will sell at anything up to £75 for a good dog. A "Peke," Yusen Yu Toi, was recently sold to an American buyer for £1,500.

In cats, the commercial "turnover," if the term may be used, is considerably less, and the saleable population harder to estimate. The "Cat Fancy" have a register of between 3,000 and 4,000 pedigree cats worth from £5 to £1,000, and there are probably another 8,000 unregistered thoroughbreds. But there are, very roughly, some 12,000,000 "moggies," many of them migratory. (An indefatigable researcher, some years ago, made a street by street investigation and triumphantly announced a Metropolitan cat census of 5,000,000.) From exports of the specialised types—Persians, Prussian Blues and Siamese—breeders in this country receive about £10,000 a year. Even the common black Tom is now on sale at 15s. 6d. in the shops, instead of the pre-war 2s. 6d.; the cost of "neutering" has risen from 5s. (at most) to 17s. 6d.

What of the more exotic pets? Here, too, prices have risen sharply. One West End pet shop has an impressive window-display featuring a "rough" or untamed monkey selling at £10—say, six times its pre-war price. Inside the shop you will find a grey parrot, talking like an old man with a cleft palate, mouse-like Golden Hamsters from Palestine, tortoises, clammy to the touch, and a pervading smell of sawdust. When I asked the shopkeeper for an inexpensive quiet pet, he extracted a tortoise from a lethargic mass. "I can let you have this one at 25s.," he said. "Generally, the smaller ones are the better. Before the war they were 6d. each in the big stores, but the traders in the Middle East have stepped up their prices. It costs me 1s. a day to feed even a little one like this." Many pet shop owners admit to by-passing

the regulation that no food suitable for human consumption should be given to pets. In one pet shop, I saw puppies lapping up semolina.

"Where we have trouble," pet shop owners have told me, "is with import licences. We cannot import birds or animals from the hard currency areas." So parrots from South America, which is a "hard" area, are not coming into this country, and the existing supply of parrots must go round—at a price. ("I could do you this African grey, only sixty years old now and with nearly 100 years life ahead of him, for £70, and this parakeet for £15.") Even goldfish have become costly. Pet shops are now allowed to import them from Italy, but they cost from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* each, instead of 1*s.* or so before the war.

The animal organisations frown on pet shops, although they admit that some—the minority—are irreproachable. The R.S.P.C.A., through their Parliamentary representative, are pressing for a Bill, which, among other things, will allow them free entry to inspect pet shop premises. "Fifty per cent of the pets bought from shops die within a few weeks," an R.S.P.C.A. veterinary surgeon said to me. "They are mostly suffering from some form of gastro-enteritis through poor food and being kept in dirty, enclosed spaces." The "Cat Fancy" claim that 85 per cent of cats sold in pet shops die from similar troubles soon after sale. But the worst traffic is in puppies, bought at 1*s.* in the markets near London and then sold for 15*s.* in the less reputable pet shops or on street corners.

RICHARD MARTIN

SCHWEPPIGRAM No. 22

Tennis fans
please tell me
One thing I want
to know,
If you plant
a seeded player
Will he grow?

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

CHANGED!

"The way to Europe is now open."—*Dr. Adenauer, at Bonn, June 16.*

Thank Adenauer, the fight is won,
The Germans to the West incline!
The German threat for ever gone,
The Powers clasp hands across the Rhine.
Relationships return to normal—
The state of war is purely formal—
The way lies clear to the Peace of Bonn!

Who dared to hope five years ago
A change of heart so opportune?
Who guessed the old, inveterate foe
Would work his passage home so soon?
Who did not see re-education
Lasting at least one generation,
Nor feared conversion would be slow?

What miracle has been achieved!
Regeneration is complete;
West Germany, redeemed, retrieved,
On Europe's Council takes her seat.
Five years of the Control Commission
Has changed her out of recognition—
It must be seen to be believed!

Rebuilt foundations are made sure—
The Germans freely swing to Right.
The Third Reich steel-kings of the Ruhr
Still rule the Ruhr—but see the light!
The Western partnership they treasure,
Withstanding Communistic pressure,
From Soviet blandishments secure.

Europe to Nazis could allow
No grace. But are there Nazis still?
And if there were, the world knows now
They were compelled, against their will.
Now all is service to humanity!
Democracy and Christianity!
Goodwill and Oberammergau!

Bonn will accept no crippling peace
As price of Germany's accord;
Continuance of their sovereign lease
Changed Germans claim as due reward.
Won for the Western way of living!
All forgiven! all forgiving!
Changed Germans! Wonders *never* cease!

SAGITTARIUS

The Arts and Entertainment

HAGEN'S RING

A SURVIVAL of the past lingers in our operatic calendar. Year after year, in the bad old days, two *Ring* cycles used to form the mainstay of the "International Season of Grand Opera" (yes, that was the name by which we knew the shameless thing); and now the tradition has somehow contrived to re-establish itself, although the London social season, of which Covent Garden formed an important element, is largely a thing of the past. How strange a choice to spend the hottest nights of the year in the furry company of Fafner and Alberich! Wagner is surely the man for long winter evenings, whereas June belongs to the light-weights: to Dorabella and Fiordiligi beneath their parasols, Amina tottering in her nightgown across a rustic bridge, Isabella making rings round the Bey of Algiers.

Of course there are always the Rhinemaidens; and very cool and delicious they looked, I must concede. Many hard things have to be said in the course of the year about Covent Garden productions, but I can truthfully say that nowhere, not even at Bayreuth or at Munich, have I seen the opening scene of *Das Rheingold* more happily managed. The illusion of water filling the great stage was complete, and even beautiful. I regret, however, the practice of replacing the singers by three comely gesticulators, because voices coming through an obstacle from nowhere in particular are bound to lose a good deal of colour and clarity. Would it matter so terribly if we beheld three plumper nixies? Might not the old-fashioned Alberich even prefer them so? I suppose it is useless, in England, to expect a smoother and richer trio of voices. The exquisite music of the Rhinemaidens is rarely given with the limpid beauty of tone which it demands.

Throughout the earlier parts of *The Ring*, it is particularly important to draw from the lyrical episodes all the softness and sweetness of which they are capable, in order to compensate for the gruffer stretches which surround them. A surprisingly large proportion of *Das Rheingold* and of the last two acts of *Die Walküre* takes place, both vocally and instrumentally, in the bass clef. In *Siegfried*, of course, no female voice (except the bird's) is heard until the last act; but, by this stage, excessive masculinity of tone is mitigated by that increasingly elaborate symphonic play of motives over the whole gamut of the orchestra which reaches its climax in the marvellously rich and closely packed score of *Die Götterdämmerung*. It is in the earlier operas, in those long and remorselessly slow stretches of narration or grumbling, interspersed with portentous rests and unison statements of the "Treaty" motive on the trombones or "Wotan's Dejection" on the cellos, that our spirits begin to wilt, even with the best of Wotans; and Andreas Boehm, though an intelligent and at times an expressive singer, lacks the majestic strength and ease of delivery which can see us safely through these *longueurs*. Set Svanholm, too, whether as Loge or in the heroic roles which he assumes in the later dramas, is always weakest in the lyrical passages; he supplies accuracy and tirelessly virile declamation, but there is little sensuous beauty in his voice. In Niebelheim, there were moments when we wished for a Tarnhelm that should confer inaudibility, as well as invisibility, on its wearer; in fact the whole of the *Rheingold* cast, even Edith Coates's very effective Fricka, were quite sung off the stage by Ludwig Weber as Fasolt.

Although Covent Garden has long known Herr Weber as a sterling artist, in this year's cycle he has made an unprecedented impression, alike as Fasolt, Hunding and Hagen. He came near to seeming the hero of *Die Götterdämmerung*. Those who know the score are aware that Hagen's influence can be felt to contaminate, as it were, the harmony of long stretches of music during which he is not physically present. But I can scarcely remember, either from Ivar Andresen or Otto Helgers—or from Weber himself in the pre-war years—a Hagen who so easily dominated the stage action. We were conscious not merely of the man's formidable and ruthless power, but of his quick and scornful intelligence, and even—in the scene with the vassals—of a certain rough camp-fire joviality which occasionally glints through the grim exterior. Each year Kirsten Flagstad seems to enrich her Brünhilde on the dramatic side, while her voice remains miraculously unimpaired. Edith Coates was a magnificently tense Waltraute, fully worthy of the occasion. In short, this was an exceptionally well cast *Götterdämmerung*, about which there would have been little ground for complaint, had the orchestral playing been more even. Some good impressions in the earlier scenes were wiped out by a raucous Funeral March totally wanting in heroic grandeur and even in plain human dignity.

It is, above all, the orchestra's task to bathe each scene in sensuous beauty of tone. Relatively simple as is the *Rheingold* score, a great deal of it can be made to sound ravishingly beautiful in the hands of a fine orchestra and a lyrically minded conductor, such as Bruno Walter or Wilhelm Furtwängler. Much of the orchestral playing at Covent Garden was dry and unalluring, as though Karl Rankl had set out, not to beguile and enchant our ears, but only to maintain tension and drive the drama forward. The second cycle of *The Ring* is being broadcast in its entirety; and later in the year we are to hear a recorded

version of the performances given at Milan this spring under Furtwängler. Some of the soloists (for instance, the peerless Flagstad) will be the same; but, granted an adequate recording, it is the quality of the orchestral playing which should provoke the most interesting comparisons. Good singers are now so rare that it is difficult to cast some operas adequately from the resources of the whole world; but good orchestral players are plentiful, and there is no reason to tolerate at Covent Garden a second-rate band.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Ruy Blas," at the New Gallery
"Adieu, Léonard" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," at the Academy
"Father of the Bride," at the Empire
"Night and the City," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Once more the elegant spidery writing and the five-pointed star announce a Cocteau film: our third this year. What a fortunate man is M. Cocteau, ready, at an age when most talents would be smugly or despairingly folding up, to enjoy his fling! What is his secret? "Cultivate not a style, but style." Such his axiom in youth; and by means of one he seems able to prolong the other indefinitely. We may be reminded of those athletes who show themselves "good at all games," except that in their case the magic aim is no insurance against old age. His early preference for films has flowered late—none the worse for that. Whatever may be our response to this extraordinary talent, there can be no question that it knows and can deploy itself within its limits unerringly.

Cocteau's share in *Ruy Blas* is merely that he has adapted (and very tersely and springily adapted) Hugo to the contemporary screen. Out of a flood of poetry or verse to distil a dramatic essence in easy prose—the practice is not new with him. One-acters of *Romeo & Juliet* and *Antigone* will be found among his early works. *Ruy Blas* provides a more bland and blubbery, if soundly muscled, corpus on which to operate. Happy result: the patient, laid on his back these many years, suddenly sits up, springs off his couch, and executes the liveliest of dances. *Ruy Blas* has nearly all the attributes that should go to the historical melodrama: a wealth of live detail, the strong characters and the strong plot, the chivalresque love, the Firbankian capers—above all, that fusion of history and imagination which shall make us forget the intrusion of a camera into the distant past. The seventeenth-century Spanish court of this film, with its monarchy in dissolution, a king absent, a young queen, ministers thieving and plotting, and chance raising the queen-struck student to a place of eminence, seems to me very prettily caught. When we tire of mistaken identities or romantic rages (but these are taken lightly), there is always some elegance or shock of manners to hold our interest. Some extreme Cocteau touches come in fact from Hugo: the collaboration could hardly have worked out better. And to say that Cocteau has *merely* adapted is obviously to understate the case. Direction (by Pierre Billon), settings, photography, music (Auric), all derive more or less from our ageless wizard. Jean Marais (and surely in this connection we must have come across *him* before?) plays the student sulkily and his double freakishly, and as Maria de Neuborg, Danielle Darrieux offers us a Queen no one (except the imbecile Charles II) could fail to be in love with.

I must deal with the other films rather briefly. *Adieu, Léonard* is a comic pastoral by the brothers Prévert about a Chaplinesque little paterfamilias who is drawn into burglary and then into attempting the murder of a simpleton who, like Bing Crosby, is happy but rich and warbles tenderly: a rag-bag of comic whimsicalities picked up after twenty years of film-going, but rather charming nevertheless. In the same programme, revived *Kind Hearts and Coronets* comes into its own with an audience wholly on its side, and deserves even more than the grateful plaudits it first received. This is by far the wittiest script ever allowed to come out of an English studio and I hope its author, Mr. Hamer, won't be too severely punished for it.

Father of the Bride is one of those slick, gay, sentimental satires—a sort of American *Quiet Wedding*—in which an American habit is blown up like a toy balloon till it bursts: expert direction, and a masterly performance by Spencer Tracy as the father who pays. Really funny, much of the time. Another American piece *Night and the City* has some wonderfully dramatic photography of London, but might otherwise have been concocted from reading Wilkie Collins and *Les Mystères de Londres* in the Hollywood public library.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TWO MUSICALS

ONLY the very—or perhaps the too—austere can say no to a musical. For who is so puritan as to refuse to succumb, at any rate for an odd two hours, to the fond illusion that the sun is perpetually shining, the sky for ever blue: that round the next turning it will all come right: that all the girls are desirable, and all the men handsome enough to deserve them: that youth is happy and age benign: that love matters more than money, but that, if you really believe so, you'll get the money in the end as well? Such, anyhow, were the tenets of musicals between the wars, when they were mostly musical comedies built round the personality of a clown, whose antics wove the whole of the phantasy together, and added that necessary extra layer of extravagance.

To-day it seems that comedy is out, together with the stars who made it. *Carousel*, the successor to *Oklahoma* at the Drury Lane, is a Musical Play: our native rival, *Golden City*, at the Adelphi, is a Musical Romance. Neither has a star, and neither has much humour. Both could do with both. For though, at a musical, we suspend our disbelief even more willingly and sooner than usual at the theatre, our boring point, in that indulgent semi-haze, is extremely low. From the successor to *Oklahoma* we expect as the high spots a number of those brilliantly drilled singing and dancing choruses, which superbly exhibit the most exportable of American commodities, vitality and high spirits. And sure enough *Carousel* gives us these. June Busts Out All Over in Act One, scene two; half time arrives with a rattling Hornpipe; Act Two starts out with a Real Nice Clam Bake, and the penultimate scene is a ballet, pleasant, if in too close imitation of its predecessors. But how (if not by Leslie Henson, Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, Sidney Howard or the Astaires) are we to be kept below boring point between times? By a story like this? A sentimental tale taken from a play by Molnar, about a barker at a fair, a bad boy who marries a good girl, fails to commit a robbery, commits suicide, goes to Heaven(!) and gets one day's leave back to earth in which to do a good deed.

Then, as if Molnar wasn't enough to swallow, there is added a layer of the fashionable *faux* folk. The Hungarian story is translated into the American Regional. And, oh! the ponderous pace at which the simple dialogue is dragged out of the simple folk, heaved out of padded manly chests, or shyly simpered out of rustic bodices! Babies any musical should be able to take in its stride, and this Liliom might really, with his reputation, be expected to be a little quicker on the uptake over his facts of life. But suicide and Heaven are subjects precarious to taste; the level on which they are handled here may be indicated by explaining that the wife is comforted at the side of her husband's body, by a duenna's singing "You'll never walk alone, so keep your chin up"; after which we are shown Heaven's backyard, where a Heavenly Starkeeper in sky blue jeans, is polishing the stars hung out on the heavenly washing line. The scenery,

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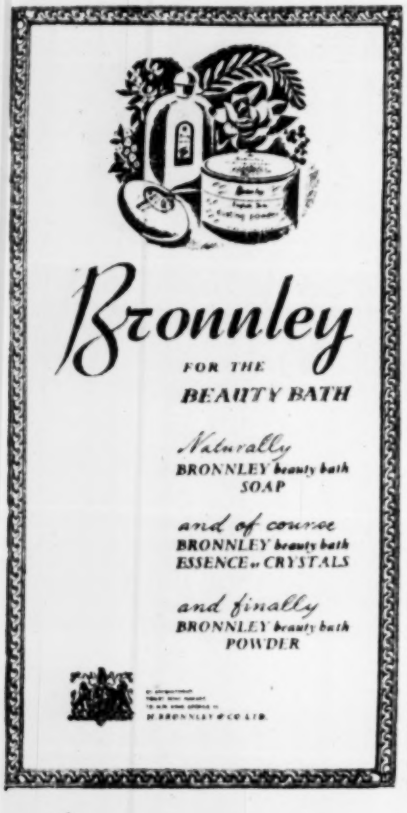
dresses and lighting are disappointing. Miss Iva Withers has a melting appeal as the heroine, and Mr. Stephen Douglass, besides singing agreeably makes a real character out of his boasting barker; while there are several of those tunes which already sound vaguely familiar at the first hearing, and will be all too hideously so by the five-thousandth.

It would be nice to be able to say after that that the English product is vastly superior, and if only the first act of *Golden City* were half as good as the second, one could say it. As it is, the first part is bogged down in a complicated and deeply uninteresting story which whenever it breaks into dialogue, as it all too frequently does, is painfully amateur. Really drastic cutting and the prompt use of the services of a competent script-writer may yet save the day—and it would be a pity if it wasn't saved. For the second half suddenly throws off the complications and longueurs of the first and rattles along at the necessary pace in between its excellent big chorus and singing numbers which include a quite remarkable Zulu war dance. For we have moved at last by this time out of the genteel and enervating atmosphere of Capetown in the 1880's to the exhilarations of a Gold Rush in Johannesburg. Saloons and miners, girls and fists, fires, fights and last-minute rescues. This is much more like it! *Golden City* is prettily mounted by Miss Audrey Cruddass and elaborately and excitingly staged by Mr. Helpmann and Mr. Michael Benthall. Colour, vitality, high spirits, youth, it has all these as much and more than *Carousel*, once it gets going, but at present that does take too long a time. The trouble really is that *Golden City* is a little pretentious; the music takes its not very distinguished self all too seriously, the book the same. Noticed among the large cast were Miss Moira Fraser and Mr. Ray Buckingham, and, especially, Miss Eleanor Summerfield, who instantly holds the stage whenever she is on it.

T. C. WORSLEY



RADIO NOTES

I HAVE neither knowledge of nor interest in laundries: which is precisely why I listened to the most recent *Now's Your Chance* programme in the Light Programme. These broadcasts take the form of a town's meeting in which representatives of public services are questioned by members of the public they are assumed to serve. The programme I heard came from Bradford and its theme was laundries. It turned out to be surprisingly good entertainment; I say "surprisingly" because I had not expected the subject to provoke either ebullition of passion or anything new in the way of wit. What emerged, as the men and women on the platform, who included, one gathered, some of Bradford's most eminent launderers, were put on the spot, was a raciness and gusto such as are seldom heard on the air, almost at times a radio suggestion of the vulgar postcards—all red noses, busts and bottoms—which George Orwell analysed so brilliantly. And there was something else that I would scarcely have expected laundries to provoke: lively, good-humoured political partisanship; for the supporters of municipal washhouses were there in strength, and question and reply were heard through cheers and counter-cheers, boos and counter-boos. Good entertainment, as I said; and something a little more: the microphone had caught, as it so seldom does, a moment of genuine working-class life, unsubtle, unselfconscious, good humoured, sentimental, and yet with its hard core of independent vitality.

To Mr. James Forsyth's play on Villon in the Third, *The Other Heart*, I listened with respect rather than enthusiasm. It was vigorous; and the figure of Villon is so shadowy that a writer can make of him almost anything he wishes. This is not necessarily an advantage to a dramatist, and for me even Mr. Cyril Cusack's persuasive powers as an actor could not bring Mr. Forsyth's conception of Villon to life. At times the play seemed to me not much more than a decorated half-imaginary anecdote which swash-buckled along making more than one bow to the fashionable sadism. But it held the attention by its continual invention; and Mr. Forsyth can flash out very good Webster, as in the lines "Each spring these nestlings in their thousands die, To contradict Scripture."

Mrs. Nesta Pain's feature programme, *The Temporal Areas*, was, I think, the best thing of its kind that she has done. The material was fascinating and, to one layman at least, terrifying in its implications: the relation of the areas behind the temples to personality. The programme was very well documented, with, I am glad to say, a minimum of dramatisation in its presentation. It required close listening, and in this case that was certainly a merit, for popularisations of scientific research that are made too easy of comprehension one must always suspect. There remains space only to say that someone is to be congratulated on having brought Miss Compton-Burnett to the microphone to speak her famous conversation, which first appeared in *Orion*, with Miss Margaret Jourdain. Listening one had the sense of a real occasion.

WILLIAM SALTER

"Seagulls Over Sorrento," at the Apollo

Incidents in the Life of the Lower Deck, as seen by a Member of the Wardroom, might be the explanatory sub-title of this most misleadingly named play. "Lofty" and "Sprog," "Haggis" and "Badger" are volunteer ratings on a dangerous mission in Scotland where they come under the discipline of a mean-minded petty officer. They make a "typical" quartet: Nigel Stock as an awkward innocent, Bernard Lee as a sentimental heavy, John Gregson as a silent Scot and Ronald Shiner as an ubiquitous, garrulous epitome of cockney vulgarity. The author, Mr. Hugh Hastings, has been clever in launching them into a number of little storms that blow up for a short space and then die away in a series of effectively devised "curtains." He cannot quite resist, like the clowns who long to play Hamlet, showing that he has a serious side, and this results in a number of passages on Life, which make the toes curl. But otherwise he has the great secret of keeping his action steadily and continuously moving forward. The level of sentiment is roughly that of a good English film. Some may find Mr. Ronald Shiner's technique a little on the broad side; he doesn't only extract every ounce of fun out of his lines, he gives us overweight almost every time. But then he knows that five whole years of playgoers like it that way. Mr. William Hartnell, as the petty officer is, quite simply, perfection; his arrogant stance on the back of his heels, his assertive little back stiff as a stanchion, the hands coming up backwards on the hips, the devastating pause before the bark, these give him a fully documented history—the solid years of service in which he has learned his own methods of dealing with the recalcitrant.

T. C. W.

James Joyce Exhibition, at the I.C.A., 17, Dover Street

The Institute of Contemporary Arts has opened its new premises with the Exhibition of Joyce's life and work which created such interest in Paris last autumn. A few new exhibits have been added in London—among them the review from this paper, of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* in 1916, and Joyce's letter of thanks to "Solomon Eagle" (J. C. Squire). The arrangers have successfully overcome the problem of making a writer's relics and remains visually interesting. Showcases contain the books (in every state from manuscript to the latest editions and translations), letters, manuscripts and personal relics—Joyce's glasses, his cane, a locket he gave to Mrs. Joyce. Round the walls are the photographs—from the infant Joyce to the grave at Flunntern Cemetery—the portraits, the death mask, Matisse's original drawings for *Ulysses*, and, almost covering an end wall, a great enlargement of a plan of Dublin, traced with the routes of Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. (Though it is dated for that June day in 1904 the pedantic will notice an Erse name beside the canal which seems to put the map in post-Treaty Dublin.) Observing such exhibits as the grandiose, and rather puzzling, tree which sets out to chart the writers who influenced Joyce and whom he influenced, some visitors may wonder if they are assisting at the mysteries of a cult. Esoteric and humourless Joyce-worship may perhaps be here and there apparent: but a little of it can surely be excused if only as expiation of a burden of past neglect. Certainly the speeches on the opening night by T. S. Eliot and Joyce Cary gave no encouragement to either an over-personal, or a falsely academic, approach. The supreme interest in Joyce's life is that it is the life of the wholly dedicated artist: and of all exhibits none spoke more eloquently of this than the recording, which was played after the speeches, in which Joyce speaks or rather sings, those miraculous passages from *Anna Livia Plurabelle*.

J. A. S.

"Black Ey'd Susan," at the Bedford

Neither the ingenious décor of Mr. Patrick Lynott nor the airs of the late (and locally interred) Mr. Charles Dibdin avail to make a satisfying success of this over-ambitious venture by the Bedford's management in period curio-hunting. When *Black Ey'd Susan* ran for four months when first produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1829, it must have been played *con brio*—no matter with what degree of gravity its heroics were taken. In the present revival, the company seems so afraid of being accused of burlesquing that the result is an incongruously gentle *pianissimo*. Even the engaging Mr. Shine, who cuts down his captain in defence of his wife's honour, communicates his nautical emotions so confidentially that the fine gusto of Mr. Jerrold's tarry "musical" is lost. In the smaller parts I enjoyed Mr. Larry Burns' acting as the Little Bailiff who repents, and Mr. John Harvey and Mr. Arthur Bush were fitfully good in their respective brands of villainy. But the piece needs more rehearsal and, to put it roundly, much better singing than the Bedford's company commands. It is all rather as if the Sadler's Wells second eleven had tried their hand at the *Pirates of Penzance*.

A. V.

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Correspondence

OPENCAST COAL MINING

SIR,—Mr. Griffin, of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, seems anxious to apply to that body my phrase that "the propaganda of certain (not all) country-lovers and farmers is ill-informed and intemperate." I was not gunning for the C.P.R.E. at all; but to call the systematic requisitioning of land "a planless scramble which would scarcely do credit to the lower animals" is obviously emotional and not descriptive prose.

Having agreed with me that restoration may or may not be effective, Mr. Griffin then assumes that it is always ineffective and argues that opencast mining should not have been continued in peacetime because the long-term value of crops is greater than the once-for-all value of coal. I repeat that my observations on the spot led me to conclude that there have been both successes and failures, that at least as much land has emerged unharmed or improved as destroyed, and that there is no ground at all for generalisations based on the assumption that the long-term value of crops is being sacrificed by the Ministry.

Mr. Griffin next asks whether we should not have "concentrated on getting a bigger output from the deep mines." But neither the seams, the machines, nor the labour force used for deep mining are interchangeable with those used for opencast; you might as well improve the food situation by concentrating on herring-fishing instead of cattle-raising.

Since Mr. Griffin cannot deny that the acreage taken for opencast is minute, he gets round this by saying that "it must be read in conjunction with all the other onslaughts on productive agricultural land." But that is just how it must not be read by any logical person. I must be one of many who sympathise warmly with the C.P.R.E.'s campaigns to save the countryside from being taken over for bombing ranges, but who refuse to lump bombing ranges together with economically valuable undertakings.

Mr. Engleheart complains because the Ministry of Fuel and Power has announced plans to extract another 45 million tons of opencast coal. If he has followed the matter at all, he knows very well that this plan is part of a steady reduction. This tonnage is to be won in four years—25 millions in 1950-51 and 20 millions in 1952-53.

The discomfort caused to village communities is regrettable, but the opencast authorities are constantly seeking ways to minimise it, and it is not nearly so bad as Mr. Engleheart thinks. For instance, there is no night blasting near houses, roads are repaired and usually improved, compensation is paid for damage to the fabric of cottages, and water supplies are seldom disrupted and always repaired.

There is some danger to health from dust, but no more than in road-making or other open-air rough work and infinitely less than in deep mining. There are occasional fatal accidents—but in deep mining there are 400 a year.

I looked carefully for dirty coal everywhere, but found none. Opencast coal is dug in the open under the eye of a coal inspector, it is screened, and contractors are paid only for clean coal. I wrote in my second article of deep-mined coal being upgraded by being mixed with opencast coal.

I have enquired into the prize farm which Mr. Engleheart says was completely requisitioned. In fact, the homestead and some acres of grazing were not requisitioned, and a further acreage was handed back undisturbed. The prize farmer, undiscouraged by his experience, has now bought the land—it is in process of restoration—from the Estates Company which owned it.

I did not say that coal is never found under first-class land; I said "seldom." Mr. Engleheart has found an example, but he must not generalise from it; it is a very small one.

Mr. Engleheart then says that "one cannot generalise about soil restoration"; he takes this to mean that I cannot generalise, but he can. His statements that topsoil is bound to lose its bacterial content and that ley farming is impossible on restored land are both highly questionable and are the subject of current research and experiment, as either the National Farmers' Union or the Ministry of Agriculture could have told him.

Mr. Engleheart writes: "As Mr. Jones says, there have been patches of waste or marginal land put back better than they were before." I said nothing of the sort. I said that there are many examples of what had been perfectly good farmland now yielding better crops and grasses than before.

Mr. Engleheart is good enough to "doubt whether permanent loss of fertility will ensue everywhere," but this reservation does not inhibit him from ending his letter with a rhetorical allusion to the "dreadful sacrifice" of 30,000 more acres of farmland.

I think I am entitled to resent Mr. Engleheart's suggestion that I did not get out of my car, and that I based my conclusions on seeing that a field is flat and green. He seems to dislike journalists, so let me warn him against sharing the failing of too many journalists, which is to base a general conclusion on a small number of cases quoted selectively because they tend toward that conclusion. He does this in every paragraph of his letter.

In my view there has been altogether too much anger generated over this matter. While I am more than ever convinced that opencast mining is a valuable undertaking intelligently conducted, I agree—and I said without prompting—that the opencast authorities have made mistakes and are still learning, particularly in restoration. I know that they take the same view. Obviously both Mr. Griffin and Mr. Engleheart know a good deal about farming, though they don't know much about logical argument. I suggest that they drop their cold war against opencast—they can't win it, anyway—and tell the Ministry of Fuel and Power how, in their opinion, it can improve its work.

MERVYN JONES

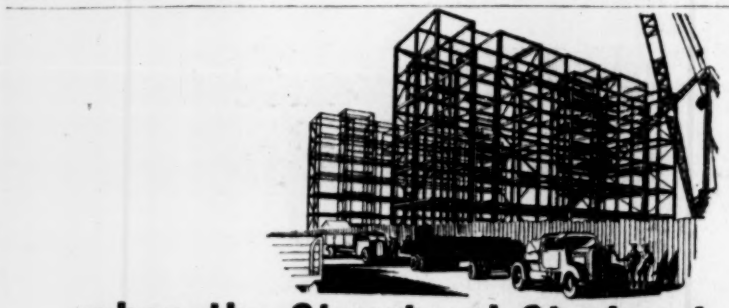
SHORTAGE OF DENTISTS

SIR,—It should be a great satisfaction to British people that of the many "refugees from Nazi oppression" admitted to this country before the war the great majority have found their feet. The "anti-aliens" who complained that the refugees would take away jobs from British people have been silenced by the language of events. Both in war and in peace the people driven out by Hitler have rendered good service to the country of their adoption.

A regrettable exception to this happy situation is revealed, however, in Dr. Adler's letter. Not the least important of the services rendered us by refugees is that of dentistry. Over 100 dentists driven out in the early years of Hitler's regime were admitted to our Dental Register by the British Medical Council. The 1878 Act required this to be done if a foreign dentist could show adequate qualification. After a certain date, however, the B.M.C. refused registration to 60 refugee dentists who had won the same university qualification as their colleagues who arrived earlier. (Thirty of them have by now been forced to abandon their profession or else to leave our country.) The B.M.C. state, as grounds for their refusal, that the German training of these dentists falls short of the standard required at the present day of British dental students in their final examinations.

The standard of British training may now perhaps be very high. But it is only a few years ago that it was condemned in drastic terms by no less an authority than Dr. Fish, himself the President of the British Dental Board. In an article advocating "conservative" dentistry, as against methods of "wholesale extractions" still widely prevalent here, Dr. Fish urged that every course of study in the dentist's training should be re-designed; too often the subjects taught bore "no closer relation to dentistry than does the binomial theorem or Virgil's *Aeneid*." [*British Dental Journal*, March 16th, 1942.]

The "conservative" dentistry advocated by Dr. Fish had been a speciality of German University training for decades past. His article may have led to an effective screwing up of the British standard, but the question now relevant is this: what proportion of British dentists now practising received their training *before* the training was redesigned? They certainly are in the great majority, and there are even several hundred "dentists" who never received any training at all—the dental mechanics whom the B.M.C. put on the Register in 1922. Are they more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competent to treat British children and adults than dentists who had specialised in "conservative" methods, the superiority of which is now at last recognised over here? Is not this the question which should be decisive for the British public? Should the fact that a training was given in Britain rather than in Germany be allowed to weigh the scales? If this is the view of the B.M.C.—as their action suggests—it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of British nationalism. If it is *not* their view then why must hundreds of thousands of British children (and their parents, too) be deprived of dental care?

DOROTHY F. BUXTON

Whingate, Peaslake, Surrey.

LABOUR DYNAMIC

SIR,—Mr. I. Alexander's contention, in your issue of June 10, that we are lagging behind France in both national productivity and capital investment cannot pass unchallenged.

The *Economic Survey of Europe in* 1949, published recently by the Economic Commission for Europe, indicates that commodity production as a whole—comprising the total output of industry, building, agriculture, fishing and forestry—has increased in Britain to 29 per cent. above 1938, while that in France has risen by 11 per cent.

Output per man in industry shows an increase above 1935-38 levels of 18 per cent. in Britain and 2 per cent. in France. And that France achieved a rise of 8 per cent. in 1949 above its 1948 figures, while Britain registered an advance of 5 per cent., has to be considered in conjunction with the fact that France's 1947 and 1948 levels of output, upon which the 1949 figures were based, are substantially lower in relation to 1938 than those of our own country. It is France, not Britain, that is still lagging behind.

Taking 100 as the base figure for 1938, France's real income stood at 103 in 1949 as against 125 in Britain. Her net home capital investment absorbed 11 per cent. of her national income: the same proportion as that obtaining in the United Kingdom. Expressed in terms of investment *per capita* in fixed capital, France invested £9 per head, compared with £15 per head in this country. And your correspondent's statement that the *per capita* rate of investment *per person employed in industry* is twice as high in France as in Britain presents a completely misleading picture. It needs to be higher. For the value of France's net industrial output per person engaged in industry is still lagging behind ours. The figures published by the Economic Commission for Europe show an output of £230 per head per annum in France, and £350 per head in these islands.

Chorleywood, Hertfordshire. DONALD BRUCE

THE PROPER STUDY

SIR,—I cannot remember ever replying to a review before—though I have written some sizzling letters and torn them up—but Mr. Gorer's spirited attack on me and my book *The Proper Study of Mankind* demands a word or two to set the record straight.

He confuses Boston, Massachusetts, with Poston, Arizona, 2,000 miles away. He mistakes the North-eastern United States with the North-western, which is a little like mixing Scotland with Wales. He accuses me of provincialism for failing to suggest an "area study" of the United States—a suggestion I made twice in the very page he quotes. I wonder if he really read the book? But his main point is that I am a fly-by-night dabbler in the social sciences and not competent to handle an inventory of this dimension.

It is unfortunate that the British publisher did not include a part, at least, of the foreword to the American edition, which explains the genesis of the book, and lists by name some seventy leading social scientists who contributed advice and help. I wrote it, and I am responsible for the final opinions; but the gathering of material, the checking of facts, the editing, were largely a co-operative enterprise.

It was not my idea to begin with, but that of the Social Science Research Council, which is a kind of clearing house for seven learned societies in America—the anthropologists, psychologists, sociologists, political scientists, historians, economists and social statisticians. The Council felt that the war had added enough new material to warrant a summary and appraisal of the social sciences, to the end that the intelligent layman might see what was being done and perhaps give the whole movement a push forward.

I was honoured by being invited to take the lead in this mutual enterprise. We held many meetings in New York and Washington over a period of more than two years; and I visited social science departments in universities all over the country from Harvard to the University of California. Every word of the manuscript was read by Charles Dollard, head of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and by Donald Young, now head of the Russell Sage Foundation, while chapters and sections were sent out to Alexander Leighton, John C. Flanagan, Ralph Linton, Gordon Allport and others whose work had been summarised. The chapters on economics were read by Frederic Dewhurst, chief economist of the Twentieth Century Fund, among others. Nobody agreed with all my opinions, but time and again I modified them out of respect to superior knowledge.

The Proper Study of Mankind was, I believe, the first attempt at integrating the advancing front of the social disciplines. Better men can take it up from here. It was an honest attempt, and was sponsored by some of America's most conscientious scientists.

Georgetown, Conn. STUART CHASE

[Mr. Gorer writes: I hope potential readers will be impressed by Mr. Chase's references of respectability. On matters of fact there seem to be two points in his letter calling for comment. Although Poston is undoubtedly in Arizona, the study of the relocation camp there, *The Governing of Men*, was made by Alexander Leighton. Dr. Leighton did most of his post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins (Baltimore), and is now on the faculty of Cornell University (New York State). By Mr. Chase's argument a study by an Oxford anthropologist of a Central African tribe becomes representative of Central African anthropology. Secondly, on page 259, there does occur a sentence: "We ought to welcome a truly scientific area study by the University of Moscow, let us say, of the United States, with the cold objective results to be laid on the table before the politburesu." To my reading, this sentence is not on the same level of reality as the immediately following list of existing or projected area studies—Yale on South-East Asia, Fiske and North-Western on Africa, Minnesota on Scandinavia, and so on, for almost the whole inhabited world except the U.S.A.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

KOUSSEVITZKY AND THE L.P.O.

SIR,—In looking to the L.P.O. to present Koussevitzky in a programme including recent American works, Desmond Shawe-Taylor falls into an understandable, but nevertheless serious, error. He fails to see that the primary responsibility of the L.P.O. organised as it is by its own players, is to create and preserve a fine orchestra.

Whether we have done this is not for me to say, but during our recent foreign tour we were considered fit to be compared with the leading orchestras of the world, while only last week a British critic remarked that the playing now equalled what used to be heard when Beecham conducted the Orchestra before the war. In our efforts to achieve this we have to see our objectives in their proper order.

The first objective, then, is playing standard. When we bring back a figure like Koussevitzky who, in spite of the admirable work he has done for composers of all nationalities, is outstanding for his gifts in training orchestras, we were wise, I believe, in choosing programmes which gave full scope to these very gifts. The many rehearsals needed to take full advantage of his work cost a great deal of money, and preclude any possibility of profit. Underfinanced, as all our orchestras are, we dare not risk bankruptcy, even on behalf of living composers. Mr. Shawe-Taylor probably observed that the inclusion of *La Mer* in Koussevitzky's opening programme half emptied the hall; modern American music would have done the same to the other half.

Please do not regard this as an exaggeration. The many people who have heard the L.P.O. and Koussevitzky, and who expressed their amazed delight at finding that England possessed an orchestra of such high standing, are only revealing the fact that when, during the last five months, the L.P.O. presented such music as Prokofieff's Sixth Symphony, Pijper's Third Symphony (both in first performance in England) Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* and *Kindertotenlieder*, Bruckner's Seventh Symphony and Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra among other attractive things, they preferred to go somewhere else and leave us to an almost empty hall and a whacking deficit.

It will be seen that far from being afraid of novelties we thrive on them, artistically, at least, but Koussevitzky's more popular programmes have attracted crowds of those who rarely go to concerts. If his superb conducting and the splendid results achieved renew the faith of these crowds in British orchestral playing, perhaps we may hope that when Eduard van Beinum (to whom we are grateful for re-creating the L.P.O.) and Sir Adrian Boult appear regularly with us next season we shall have a public which attends even when programmes include unfamiliar items.

THOMAS RUSSELL

London Philharmonic Orchestra.

"THE CHOICE OF PLATFORM"

SIR,—A letter published in your issue of May 20 has been brought to my notice.

In the words of a correspondent, a Member of Parliament, the letter implied that I had written to the Cambridge University Labour Club defending "violently anti-semitic views and claiming that they are held 'by all responsible men and women'." This was so grotesquely untrue that I should not have considered it worthy of refutation but for other correspondents giving to it the same interpretation.

Reading the letter, I can understand why those who have written to the Secretary of the Labour Party have been misled and, since others of your readers may have been misled also, I wish to make it known that I have never defended anti-semitic views, nor have I ever been so idiotic as to say that such views "are held 'by all responsible men and women'."

A. L. WILLIAMS,
Assistant National Agent of the Labour Party

Maritime House,
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Books in General

Of the good writers who have hung about Spain, with varying effects on their writing, the list winds well back into the seventeenth century, swells importantly with the Romantics and reaches at least to yesterday with Montherlant, Malraux, Maugham, Hemingway, Orwell. Like a bistrot to which you can take your own food on condition that you wash it down with a bottle of the host's unpredictable wine, Spain is the traditional ruminating ground for temperaments in search of a holiday, an imaginative tonic, a faith, a method—but rarely, in the last analysis, of new material. What you bring away in the stomach you took with you in the picnic basket.

The reason why Spain has given so little that was substantial to the foreigner—unlike France and Italy—may lie in a barrenness of the Spanish character and culture once the picturesque has been peeled off. Make a note of the obvious colours, sounds and smells, blow away a cheap perfume of rhetoric, and you are down almost at once to solid rock. It is durable but irreducible; if it is not true that it has nothing to communicate, yet communication is so difficult and to the professionally eager perceptions of the visiting writer so unrewarding, that he gives up and rewrites Spain for himself. As a result, we have had better travel books on Spain than on any other country. Compelled to work like niggers on what was intended as a picnic, their authors have produced, with slight but illuminating distortions, the book they had always wanted to do at home.

When the Hemingway of *Siesta* and *A Farewell to Arms* went to live in Spain in the late nineteen-twenties, it was because

> the only place where you could see life and death, *i.e.*, violent death now that the wars were over, was in the bull-ring, and I very much wanted to go to Spain where I could study it. I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death.

This act of death was already for Hemingway what the sexual act is for other temperaments and schools of writing. It was the *tabu* which he was set on piercing, the forbidden spectacle which he was determined to see clearly and record in its naked reality. He began with a conscious attempt to slough off his puritanism and ended by being as enmeshed and as fascinated as ever. In a passage towards the end of his Spanish book* he describes how he had unwittingly shocked his small son by speaking of the death of a bullfighter whom the boy knew. After this Mrs. Hemingway, who was reading a work of Dashiell Hammett's aloud to the family, "would substitute the word umpty-umped" whenever a reference to any form of violent killing appeared in the text.

> And soon the comic of umpty-umped so appealed to the boy that when he said "You know the one who was umpty-umped because he was so small? I don't think about him now," I knew it was all right.

Read sexual intercourse for killing, and this is the traditional picture of prudish, conscientious parents trying to insulate their children with humorous mumbo-jumbo. But the kind of death which is not for children, because they might picture it too concretely, seems of little use either to the author who aspires to be an artist, however meaty it may be for the reporter. Bang goes the gun, flash goes the matador's sword, and the rest is silence. The interest lies not in the *act* of violent death but in the flinching or flourishing which lead up to it, or the ripples of complication which ensue. This principle has been reaffirmed by the better books and films inspired by the last war. Their subject—almost of necessity—has been violence anticipated or recollected. The act itself and the emotion felt at the moment of the act by the onlooker can hardly be stated, as Hemingway wanted to state it, in literature, because it is nothing more than a dull shock. To invoke, as Hemingway does, the example of Goya, is to throw up his case, since *Los Desastres de la Guerra* are visual art, and a painter is legitimately concerned with the attitudes and contortions of the human body. But what can a writer make of them except pure ribaldry?

One of the best recent studies of an execution, in a realistic manner, is Sartre's *Le Mur*. With the help of a trick ending it lasts, but only just lasts, some twenty-four pages. It is entirely concerned with the mental and pathological reactions of condemned men *before* execution. Is it possible that any writer seriously set out to base his whole work on sensations as sterile and momentary as those experienced at the instant when the firing-squad fires? To answer the question to-day is to condemn—though no doubt too arbitrarily—the work of Hemingway and the Hemingway school. To deny that the answer was ever in doubt is to forget what the nineteen-thirties were like. Then it seemed not at all absurd to suppose that such "simple and fundamental" things could be the mainspring of good writing.

Death in the Afternoon, now republished without alteration eighteen years after its original appearance, was Hemingway's most sustained and brilliant attempt to put his aesthetic into practice. Aided by a style which he had taken over and developed from "hard-hitting" journalism, circling always round the scent of death (of the bull or of the man), steadied in his runs of emotion by the necessity of using an exact technical jargon, he almost forces belief in both his method and his material:

> Nicanor Villalta, when he has a bull that charges straight enough so that the matador can put his feet together, works closer to the bull, becomes more exalted, more excited, curving on himself so he thrusts his waistline at the horns, and, with his amazing wrist controlling the muleta, brings the bull round him in circles, again and again, passes him so close before his chest that the bull's shoulder sometimes jostles him and the horns so close to his belly that you can see welts on his abdomen afterwards at the hotel.

At his ease with bulls and horses and with men who have lived so much with animals that they have grown to resemble them, he draws Stubbs-like portraits such as this of the old matador Luis Freg:

> He is a Mexican Indian, heavy-set now, soft-voiced, soft-handed, nose rather hooked, slant-eyed, full mouth, very black hair, the only matador who still wears the pigtail plaited on his head. . . . No bullfighter who ever lived has been so punished by the bulls as he has. He has received extreme unction five different times when he was believed certain to die. His legs are as gnarled and twisted by scars as the branches of an old oak tree, and his chest and his abdomen are covered with scars of wounds that should have killed him. Most of them have come from his heaviness on his feet and his inability to control the bulls with cape and muleta.

For the *aficionado*, it comes off. Anyone who is interested, or potentially interested, in the bullfight, will find in this book a mass of colourful and, as far as can be judged by a layman, accurate information on *tauromaquia*. Though many of its more topical pages are necessarily out of date, as a general guide to the bull-ring *Death in the Afternoon* still rates an honourable place in the sportsman's library. Whether it ever, even in isolated passages, achieves its deeper purpose of re-creating an emotion "which would be valid in a year or in ten years or, with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always," may be a matter of individual response. All that the present reviewer can say is that he has re-read it without once recapturing the sudden repulsion or thrill which he has sometimes felt at an actual bullfight: perhaps because, like even the most brilliant journalism, it is kaleidoscopic rather than continuous.

With the passing of time, *Death in the Afternoon* has acquired a different fascination. Drawn almost exactly on the line where the exhaustion of overstrained emotions began to give place to the restlessness of undirected energy, it has become a minor monument to its epoch; it is the *locus classicus* of the merging of the Twenties into the Thirties. To the old world of Montparnasse belonged "Mrs. S.T." ("Thirty years old; English; private school and convent education; ridden horses; alcoholic nymphomaniac; done some painting"), whose reactions to the bullfight are recorded, along with others, in an appendix. Her responses were intense but short-lived, since she "drank herself out of remembrance of it shortly after."

Also to the Twenties belongs the whole of the final chapter in which Hemingway, released at last from the discipline of exact description, pelts us with impressions torn piecemeal from his notebook:

> If I could have made this enough of a book it would have had everything in it . . . the forced smile of Lagartijo, it was once a real smile, and the unsuccessful matadors swimming with the cheap whores out on the Manzanares along the Prado road; beggars can't be choosers Luis said; playing ball on the grass by the stream where the fairy marquis came out in his car with the boxer; where we made paellas, and walked home in the dark with the cars coming fast along the road . . . cider in Bombilla and the road to Pontevedra from Santiago de Compostella with the high turn

* *Death in the Afternoon*. By Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 25s.

in the pines and blackberries beside the road . . . and Maera up in the room at Quintana's changing outfits with the priest the one year everyone drank so much and no one was nasty. There really was such a year, but this is not enough of a book.

Yet as far as a writer of his temperament can, Hemingway avoids the easy picturesque. He drives into the consciously grimmer Thirties with his anecdote of the pair of gipsy children, brother and sister, who spent two years following round Spain a bull which had killed their younger brother. They finally caught up with him in the slaughter-house, obtained leave to gouge out his eyes and kill him, then, having cut off the reproductive organs, they built a fire by the roadside, roasted and ate them. This is nearer the tradition of Mérimée than of Gautier.

Death in the Afternoon is a period-piece—and something more. For all its omissions and idiosyncracies it is a good book about Spain—certainly the best that has been written by a foreigner in the last three decades. Since that period included the Civil War, it might seem perverse to single out a book on the comparatively frivolous subject of bullfighting for such a position. Yet the tawdry glamour of the bull-ring, nine-tenths phoney as it is through commercialisation, gave Hemingway a focal point which most of his contemporaries lacked when they came to write of wider and more serious issues—and which he himself had lost when he wrote of the Civil War in his turn. The author's obstinate devotion to the fact and its accompanying sensation, to what he calls "the real thing," even though it is an external thing, saves him from gross errors of observation and minimises his errors of judgment.

If his facts are no longer actual and his personalities have grown remote, that is no loss to the general reader. On the contrary, Hemingway's splashy reporting has set into a stalactite-show of freaks and oddities which may prove timeless enough to turn the book into a minor classic. GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE PIAZZA

When all the world was out-of-doors
By those Etruscan sycamores,
The cool and constant fountains played
Against a line of sombre towers,
And turned the moments into flowers,
And bore the sun into the shade.

Militant above the crowds
Assembling there the haughty clouds
Like soldiers capped in full parade
Had broken ranks and overrun
The dying yet immortal sun
In robes of glory still arrayed.

The cypresses along the hill
With savage crest and crimson quill
Kept their cryptic copy-book;
And while from out the pages came
Sentences inscribed in flame,
The naked earth in silence shook.

The afternoon was like a bell
Of glass from which the hours fell
And broke in pieces as they passed:
The sun is borne into the shade;
Moments, flowers, fountains fade
With all of light in darkness lost.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

YOUNG AND YOUNGER LAGS

The Young Lag. A study in Crime. By SIR LEO PAGE. *Faber.* 18s.

Delinquency and Human Nature. By D. H. STOTT. *Carnegie U.K. Trust.*

Long before "penology" (terrible but useful word) was elevated into a "subject," England had a tradition of observing the lawbreaker as an individual. In a book on the Criminal Prisons of London, now ninety-eight years old, a valiant attempt is made to let the prisoners stand out from their grim background as people with lives and troubles, as well as crimes of their own, though one suspects that the authors were allowed no conversation with them, but gathered scraps of gossip from the warders. Between the anecdotal observations of Messrs. Mayhew & Binny, however, and the two works before us, lies all the difference between a tripper's casually gathered flowers and a botanist's herbarium. For each of these books contains a collection of individual cases of young delinquents examined in detail with the definite purpose of studying, with a view to diminishing, crime. They do not concern exactly comparable sets of people. Mr. Stott, working for the Carnegie Trustees, spent four years in an approved school for senior boys between 15 and 18 years old, taking them, without selection, in the order of their admission, omitting only some whose perpetual abscondings resulted in their being sent elsewhere before he could tackle them. Sir Leo Page's "specimens," on the other hand, were young men who had already committed several serious offences, and could be classed in official terms as "recidivists," or in the vernacular as "lags."

No serious observer can begin work without framing some hypothesis as a guide to the kind of facts which must be noted—an open mind is not the same thing as an empty mind. The interesting thing in comparing the work of Sir Leo Page and Mr. Stott is that whilst their hypotheseses were so different, their conclusions, though by no means identical, have so much in common that it should not be impossible to deduce from them some common plans for helping these sad boys. The hypothesis upon which Mr. Stott plans his observations is that "delinquent breakdown is an escape from an emotional situation which, for the particular individual with the various conditionings of his background, becomes at least temporarily unbearable." And indeed the pictures of a hundred and two childhoods which he gathered from his long and intimate acquaintance with his boys form a heartbreaking series of situations which might well prove too much for any sensitive child. Of course, many children survive—not perhaps uninjured but without turning outlaw—equally terrible childhoods, but as Mr. Stott again and again points out, a state of acute emotional distress may be touched off into an explosion by an unrelated happening which he calls a "crisis factor" after the victim's resources have already been nearly exhausted by some long-standing wastage. Thus a ghastly experience of coming upon a half-burned body in a flaming house, the discovery that a father always described as dead was living but had deserted his family, the learning of his own illegitimacy and that his parents were only adoptive, a near-miss by a bomb on the home, a narrow escape from being crushed by a falling wardrobe, and a number of similar shocks seem to have had disastrous effects upon children already unstable from a lack of normal parental relationships.

Mr. Stott attributes the morbid need for change, for an endless succession of amusements and excitement, to a desire to escape from reflection upon matters too painful to be borne. It is significant that this restless search for excitement or amusements, this inability to stick at anything, occurs again and again amongst the older delinquents. Whatever cause we assign to it—moral or educational, emotional or purely somatic, it is clear that this need for perpetual motion and entertainment brings with it special temptation (as Sir Leo would put it) or special liability (as Mr. Stott might prefer to say) to breaking the law. A further incitement to crime, namely, the very risk of its commission, is found by Mr. Stott amongst boys who are the victims of obsessing fear; they will court danger for its own sake to prove to themselves and to others that they are not cowards—and excessive fears he finds as a highly characteristic symptom of children in whom the lack of satisfactory parental relations has produced a sense of insecurity.

With such theorizing Sir Leo Page has not much patience. His aim in making the enquiry which resulted in *Young Lags* was a practical one, to help "boys standing at the edge of a precipice from which some of them, at least if we are quick and skilful may yet be saved." And it is clear from the stories themselves that he has not left help to come only from others; by his sympathy and friendliness and practical wisdom many of his cases have already benefited. It is the sense that the author has *cared* intensely, which illuminates and humanises the whole book. But the practical help, the need of which Sir Leo sets out to prove, has a wider reach than individual "prisoners' aid."

The main reforms which he advocates are so important that no apology is needed for summarising some of them here. First comes the necessity for a more enlightened public understanding of the needs of the police, and a readiness to aid recruitment by the improvement of the housing conditions of the force. Are people only ignorant or are they indifferent to the cost of crime in money and in suffering? The next claim, no one will dare to deny:

> Sentencing authorities should receive instruction in this difficult work, and that they should act only after they have been given much fuller information about a prisoner than they receive at the present time.

This claim is supported by the quotation of many decisions which, whether for their ineptitude or their severity, seem almost incredibly unwise. The crowded conditions in many prisons, the lack of adequate industrial training and the contamination inevitable when men are huddled three in a cell for long hours of both day and night, make matters worse.

Whilst, of course, the improvement of the homes of the children would be the greatest step that could be made towards checking crime, Sir Leo considers that more might be done by the schools in the matter of training and discipline, and particularly in helping dull and backward and handicapped boys, and he proposes that each school should have a welfare teacher on its staff.

But the matter which recurs most constantly in the reviews of the histories of the Young Lags is the absence of any religious and moral teaching in their lives. Now, since of the twenty-three young men on his list eighteen have been in Approved Schools and eighteen in Borstal Institutions, this evidence is of rather startling importance. This aspect of training can hardly have been absent. Has it been forgotten? In both these studies the reader will find unusual lapses of memory described with frequency. They strongly suggest a habit of putting inconvenient thoughts right out of mind, or perhaps a slippery inattention to matters which it might be painful to dwell upon. Of course this kind of evasion is common to all of us, but one is struck by its completeness and frequency in these histories. The young men in prison have forgotten an unnatural amount of what happened in their Borstals or Approved Schools; several boys at school had lost all memory of incidents which evidently had greatly affected them. It is more by contact with goodness than by good words that the desire for better things is kindled, and until it has been kindled, exhortation slips by like water off a duck's back. Few of these young people had had any touch with the good life; in some cases the cause of all the tragedy seems to have been a glimpse of it in some temporary home rudely shut off by circumstance. Perhaps the trouble goes even deeper, and must be looked

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for in the faulty emotional development of early childhood. If love and tenderness are too long withheld, or too violently withdrawn, there is *risk* that the social sense, which should grow outward from mother first, to father and family, and so to the wider world may be blighted, checked, or even destroyed. Whether the true motive of ethical behaviour is to be found in the love of God the Unseen, or of the brother who is seen, the human being who knows no love can never aspire to the good life, though he may learn to avoid annoyance by keeping the law.

Few, if any, of the stories here told imply so complete a failure of emotional development, but the great majority suggest its warping and twisting. In such cases it may well be—and this Mr. Stott's studies strongly uphold—that compunction about doing wrong to others can only be aroused through personal relations. The child from an affectionate criminal home can more easily hear the call of conscience than one bred in unloving respectability. MARGERY FRY

STRANGE SEAS OF THOUGHT

Isaac Newton. By E. N. DA C. ANDRADE. *Max Parrish.* 6s.

There are few men of whom it may reasonably be said that in their own field they are supreme for all countries and for all time. It is the glory of England to claim at least four names on this short list—Shakespeare, Newton, Nelson and Darwin. But as Professor Andrade points out, Newton is possibly "the only man held in the highest esteem by the official authorities in the U.S.S.R. and by leaders of English and American thought." The story of his achievement and the study of his strange character have a claim on the interest of others beside scientists. Professor Andrade is both a scientist of eminence, a writer of beautiful English and a poet. As he has devoted considerable study over a long period of years to the history of physics, and especially to Newton, it is not surprising that the present book is not only a pleasure to read but a valuable contribution to the study of this amazing man.

The psychology of discovery is a subject to which too little attention has been given—though Sir Oliver Lodge used to lecture forcefully upon it. That Newton in two or three years of his early twenties roughed out his three greatest discoveries—the differential calculus, universal gravitation and the composite nature of white light, is one of the miracles of history. But would it have been less miraculous if he had done them at ten yearly intervals? At present there seems to be no means of judging. It is, however, fair to claim that the greatness of a man of science shall be judged by the number of his discoveries as well as by the importance of each. Indeed, the importance of a discovery is not necessarily a measure of its difficulty. The entirely unexpected, which is after all the most important, discovery can hardly be made except by chance.

For any ordinary man, though perhaps not for Newton, the time spent in works of frustration, in looking for what either is not there or is shut off by barriers insuperable to the technique of the moment, is so great that it would be foolish for anyone to neglect the pursuit of any warrantable quarry even though he can see that its antlers will not be a royal trophy. In other words, if a man of science does not make a number of minor discoveries it is not because he is so absorbed in the pursuit of something greater, but just that he has failed to notice them. Newton noticed many. To those who may feel something too austere in the pure thought of the calculus there is attraction in his interest in manual work. The schoolboy who made "knicknacks of divers sorts and models in wood of many kinds"—even if his water-clock was probably copied—was preparing the way for the reflecting telescope which gained him his Fellowship of the Royal Society. He cast the mirror himself as well as polished it, including arsenic in the melt as the result of his earlier experiments and "bewaring . . . that I drew not in breath near the pernicious fumes."

In middle life Newton had what in the modern world would be called a nervous breakdown, and it has often been said that his mental power never fully recovered. It was the custom then to publish new discoveries in the form of problems, as a challenge to the learned world; Professor Andrade points out that twice after this breakdown he solved within a day the test problems of the two greatest mathematicians—after himself—of his age. Besides this he was a successful Master of the Mint in the difficult period when the currency was being changed. The truth seems to be that he lost interest in physical science. Professor Andrade hints that he had a mystical intuition of a higher truth, truth which for many years he sought through alchemy—for alchemy in his days still held out the hope of an explanation of the secret of the world through the transmutation of matter. Later he sought it in other ways, but always with the feeling that it was there if one but knew where to look. His intuition was uncanny—his theory of light, long neglected, is on the whole nearer the truth than any put forward till 1924. He sensed a danger from the transmutation of matter of which the world is now too painfully aware; his intuition of an inner truth deserves our reverence. G. P. THOMSON

BARKER AND OTHERS

News of the World. By GEORGE BARKER. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The Mongrel. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Recollections of the Gala. By NICHOLAS MOORE. *Poetry, London.* 7s. 6d.

The Glassblowers. By MERVYN PEAKE. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

There was a time when a poet, modestly or maliciously, would disguise the dangling fuse of a new mine by calling it *Poems and Ballads*, or *Poems*, 1930. Mr. Barker has always preferred to make his title a true picture of the explosion within: *Calamiterror* was a name to keep one awake at nights, and *News of the World*, with its several connotations, is not the least hair-raising of these inventions. But on entering the book the reader will be more surprised than he expected. Here is a cavern of august, stony presences, so powerfully felt and so hard to face that, for all their titles of Pity, Earth, Sun, Weepers in the Sacred Tree, they remain mysterious and anonymous. Mr. Barker has penetrated, like few before him, to the country of the "dark gods," which Lawrence chased round the world till he began to doubt its existence, and which Rilke finally overtook—in the place where it really exists, outside the world, in the most deeply buried areas of the Western unconscious—in the Tenth Elegy.

For Mr. Barker has tamed the image, whose uncontrolled wanderings account for much of the Augean mess of contemporary poetry. Auden harnesses it till it frolics about his poems harmless and purring, like lions round Orpheus: George Barker has become able to tame it as a sculptor tames stone, till it becomes image in another sense, and fulfils its real function of being an effigy of its imagined source. His apparent subjects are themselves images: his poems tell us less of their named topics, pain, death, love and fatherhood, than they seem, in their Platonic cave, to tell of the nameless and unnameable entities that lie behind. "O real supernatural friend" he prays

teach me how
To bear witness in this darkness to those graces
Whom, glory folded about them, I cannot know.

And the real friend obeys: aided by him, only half Mr. Barker's strength has gone to reaching "this darkness," and the rest is shown in illumining it. At a first reading these poems are felt as poetry in a sense of the word which I shan't have occasion to use later in this review; once mastered, the reader will probably find he knows them by heart, and they have become his permanent possessions. Would that Yeats, who in 1936 bet on a twenty-three-year-old Barker by

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giving him the proud last place in his *Oxford Book*, had lived to see this day! Of this lucidity and this memorability here are two random examples, one from a poem whose adequacy to the war is only surpassed by Mr. Reed's *Naming of Parts* sequence:

O stop the calling killer in the skull
Like beasts we turn toward!
For was the nightriding siren beautiful
Caterwauling War until her bed was full
Of the uxorious dead?

and one from an address evoking Mr. Eliot

By that evening window where
His accurate eye keeps Woburn Square
Under perpetual judgment so
That only the happy can come and go
About these gardens and not be
Tested in that dark neutrality.

A volume of such marmoreal power seems destined for a niche rather than the stonebreaker's yard, and the reader, convinced that he had been reading real poetry, feels tempted to suppose that Mr. Barker will have a place in literary history, and to forecast where it will be. The absolute eminence of Eliot and Auden is such that no-one has yet discovered a third way of writing poetry in our time, and their attraction is so inescapable that no poet since has been able to move in an orbit undisturbed by them. Mr. Barker pays his homage to each: his first poem is an *Ode against St. Cecilia's Day*, in allusion to Auden's *for* that occasion, his second a sestina in the form recently re-patented by Auden. But he has made his own mental journey to his own spiritual quarrying. Auden has travelled through the unconscious towards religion; Eliot has put out feelers from religion towards the unconscious: should they ever meet, on the narrow strip of common frontier, they will find Mr. Barker already there. The poets who answered to the string of names one used (having said "Eliot and Auden") automatically to enunciate in the 'Thirties, have since gone on alone—without losing their height, Mr. Spender and Mr. MacNeice and Mr. Day Lewis have found their perspective. It now seems possible that to the future literary historian, seeking a new third, the name of George Barker may inevitably occur.

Mr. Duncan's best poems are his longest: the title poem, a rambling Lawrentian meditation in which Christ, no longer Hound of Heaven, is seen as an "unclaimed mongrel" tripping up the heels of the poet's conscience—"and the more I kick him the closer to my heel he lies"; an idyll about the Argonauts, full of Pound and fury; and *A Short History of Texas*, a racy canto in terza rima, full of epigrams, visual beauty and swearing. His training in the theatre and on the air has taught him, though perhaps from the wrong end, the poetic effectiveness of immediate intelligibility, and of writing for rather than against his audience; and he has learned from farming to feel, and from Robert Frost to express, that

Strength, not ornament, is necessary.
And that goes for a pig-sty, and poetry.

A poet's duty is to sing, they used to say, and this is Mr. Nicholas Moore performing it. He sings like a kettle, or like the bee with whom he once went buzzing around, and the better his verse the more nearly it approaches automatic writing. Mr. Moore in delirium and uttering brilliant nonsense is worth several average brother-poets with no fever and as sensible as a dictionary, or two of himself when chilled off. Just as Lear's "aged Uncle Arly Sitting on a heap of Barley" is finer than Tennyson's "Weeping, weeping late and early Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh," so one give more of a thank-you for Mr. Moore's

I love you in your doings, girl,
And in no things at all

or

Felon, thy beauty is to me
Like those Lycæan narks who swore

than for—but of the serious poet visibly trying to break through the Id Mr. Moore wears on his sleeve, it will be time to speak when he arrives.

The name-poem and several others in Mr. Peake's collection were suggested, he tells us, by the "world of grime and firelight" of a war-time glass-factory, which made part of him paint pictures and another part write poems. It would be interesting to see more of the pictures than the distinguished inferno-piece on the wrapper: of the poems all are attractive, and at least two, those beginning "An ugly crow sits perched on Jackson's heart," and "Digging a trench I found a heart-shaped stone," are excellent.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

DEFEAT IN AFRICA

The Groundnut Affair. By ALAN WOOD. *The Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

Reporting on the progress of the Overseas Food Corporation up to April last, the Select Committee of the House of Commons recently observed that advances totalling over £34 millions had been absorbed in development, and that so far there had been no appreciable revenue from the Tanganyika groundnuts scheme. The basic reasons for this costly failure—lack of adequate reconnaissance of climate and soil, underestimation of transport difficulties, "plunging in" with such urgency that undue reliance was placed on bull-dozers and other machinery obtainable only at second hand—have by now been sufficiently, if belatedly, exposed in Parliament; and readers of Mr. Alan Wood's book will search in vain for "revelations." He is certainly critical of Mr. Strachey for his lack of candour when it had long become plain that the original sanguine expectations had been shattered by experience; and it is also to be inferred that he thinks Sir Leslie Plummer should have resigned when Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Rosa were dropped from the Board. But *The Groundnut Affair* is in no sense an attack on individuals. Mr. Wood is at pains to emphasise the invidious position of a Minister answerable for a Public Corporation placed by Statute outside the range of day-to-day Parliamentary scrutiny; and he readily concedes that administrative short-comings were a reflection, not of Sir Leslie's lack of personal capacity, but of the over-centralisation of control inherent in an attempt to direct from London the clearing and planting of immense, remote and disconnected areas of intractable African bush.

There was, of course, more to it than that. Mr. Wood writes sympathetically of the optimistic forecasts made by the Wakefield Mission, and does well to remind his readers that they were essentially agriculturists: with no engineer attached to the Mission, they tended to think in terms of land cleared by "somebody else." Pardonable perhaps; but it is less easy to exculpate the Ministry of Food (which checked and endorsed the Wakefield Report) or, for that matter, the Cabinet (which presumably had the benefit of

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expert Colonial Office advice before it ordered "full steam ahead") from blame for failure to realise how little thought had been given to the global problem of logistics—transport, material, skilled labour and housing—which the scheme involved.

> The groundnut scheme to be successful could be nothing less than a scheme for starting an African Industrial Revolution. . . . They [the Wakefield Mission] were proposing . . . something comparable on a small scale to the Russian Five-Year Plans, *without even realising what they were doing*. But Wakefield and his colleagues can make a very good defence. They spent three months considering the groundnut scheme without grasping the vastness and the difficulties of the undertaking: but the men in charge of carrying it out had still failed to grasp the situation after two years.

In the last sentence Mr. Wood is perhaps a little unfair to General Harrison, the one Board Member resident in East Africa. Placed in local command of a project launched with the urgency of a military operation, but with none of the thorough advance planning on which success in war depends, General Harrison appears to have had the defects of his qualities: by temperament and training he was inclined to be aloof when democratic matiness might have helped; and he presumably had some share of responsibility for the ludicrous system of secrecy in which plans and results were wrapped. But, over-burdened though he was with "paper-work," General Harrison did arrive, by the autumn of 1948, at the clear conclusion that the whole project, on the lines originally conceived, was a gigantic blunder. He drew up a fresh plan based on gearing development to railways existing or projected. The plan, which involved an increase of capital expenditure from its approved ceiling of £50 millions to about £100 millions, was apparently considered by Sir Stafford Cripps but rejected. At all events, no more was heard of it; General Harrison, a sick man, left East Africa for good; nothing remained to be done but to write off the cost of miscalculation and defeat, and to see what could be salvaged from the wreckage, for the enduring benefit of East Africa, when the "nightmare momentum" of the initial venture had been finally shed, and there were no more reputations left to lose.

That this history of errors and misfortunes can be redeemed, Mr. Wood is confident; but he rightly sees the future of the project in terms of patient colonial development, not of a high-speed experiment designed to augment Britain's fat supplies. Thirty millions or so have been "lost." That milk is spilt; but, after all, it cost £72 millions to wrest Tanganyika from German hands in the first world war. What is needed now is that the Government should abandon decisively its "margarine-mindedness" and re-plan the task of developing this "backward area" with the primary aim of associating Africans progressively with the entire development policy—economic and social. The real tragedy of the groundnut affair was that a Labour Government launched a scheme which was neither Socialist nor humanitarian, but first and foremost an essay in large-scale State capitalism whose impact on the native was as ill-starred as it was on Africa's inhospitable soil.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A PRIVATE LIFE

William Cory. By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Constable.* 21s.

William Cory has a small but precise place in the index of anthologies as the author of *Heraclitus*. He also wrote the *Eton Boating Song*; and other poems, too, contain lines that ring familiarly. "But Oh, the very reason why I clasp them is because they die . . ." "She smote the heart, and woke the hero in the boy . . ." "Two minds will flow together, the English and the Greek . . ." The neat name, the graceful, nostalgic, pagan verses evoke an unemphatic picture of the writer with which we might rest content. But it is too late; the biographer has stalked him down, has given the name a third dimension, and the poet Cory of our vague imagination turns, in fact, into William Johnson, schoolmaster (*b.* 1823, *d.* 1892). We are left to discover whether this biography, in its particular form, has justified the exchange.

It was as William Johnson that Cory began, at least—a Devonshire younger son, unable to enter the Navy because of his abnormally short sight ("my vile eyes that made me a muff.") After a brilliant academic career he was offered a post at Eton, where he stayed for twenty-six years, "one of the most inspiring teachers since Socrates." Opinion seems general about his teaching genius. We read of a few of his many master-pupil friendships—they were not unusual in that sentimental period, when, even in ordinary correspondence, an extraordinarily romantic vocabulary was admissible. Suddenly, in the spring of 1872, he vanished from the school. "One day he was with us," a boy wrote, "the next he *was not*." Why? A parent had, it seems, protested . . . "True," Mrs. Compton Mackenzie notes, "Johnson was a dangerous man, for boys with dullish fathers and tutors were inclined passionately to prefer his company to theirs." At all events, Johnson disappeared for ever, and Cory, the country gentleman, was born.

There, one feels, the story should end, at Halsdon (a family property) with the goats and pigs, the streams of former pupils and of new ones (young women now, whom he instructed in the classics—he was a great believer in female education), the charming little girl visitors. Lewis Carroll? But no—the picture shifts again; we find the old bachelor in Madeira, marrying, or being married. "A wild, eccentric business," he calls it though it is to turn out very happily. He is fifty-six; his wife, Rosa, is twenty. "I always wanted," she owns, "to marry an *old* clever man." A year later he is the father of a son, called Andrew because no Pope ever had the name.

In his time Cory was considered an eccentric, and so, indeed, he was, but the donnish pattern is not an unfamiliar one. Rosa—though it is difficult to co-ordinate the biographer's darting snatches of description—seems to have been a still more unorthodox character. She was the sixth of twelve children, oppressed, it is slightly hinted (the omissions are sometimes maddening) at home. She was simple, amenable, not bookish—an impression which the photographs confirm. "Her magnolia complexion and her cendré hair," we also learn, "were always the envy of her female friends." She liked wearing startling colours. She introduced at Funchal dances the latest craze from England, the Liverpool Lurch. She was "Calypso to the R.N. Captains" who visited the port; Sir Richard Burton's eyes devoured her, her husband was pleased to report. Before her husband's death she became a Catholic; after, she opened a "hat-and-beauty-parlour" in Bond Street (surely one of the earliest of its kind), lost all her money, went to Paris, married a Frenchman, and died obscurely.

An odd history. But we should not lose sight of Cory's writings—the only good reason for recording it. Many of the poems, we find, with their classical tension and romantic content, may still be read with pleasure, though one should be under twenty to meet them for the first time. This is as it should be, for Cory was all his life obsessed by youth. The *Eton Boating Song* is another matter. Seen flat on the paper it has the curiously light-headed quality of poems conceived in a dream—which, apparently, it was. (Most school songs have, I think, something of this air.) But what of the conversation, the ideas, the letters, those letters which, we are told, no recipient ever destroyed? Alas, Mrs. Compton Mackenzie explains that she has not attempted to give a critical appraisal of her great-uncle and his work, but "an intimate portrait of a very lovable human being." As a result she has concentrated on what is least interesting in his story. Inspired by family piety, she is reminiscent in manner, not explicit or interpretative. We must be satisfied with the

odd facts, that the poet liked cyclamen and irises, that he was a passionate champion of governesses, that he thought *Shirley* "the book of books." It is worth noting that one of the most remarkable portraits by Charles Furse was of his uncle William Cory as an old man. The painting is reproduced in this biography and there are a number of Cory's poems, some not previously published.

NAOMI LEWIS

NEW NOVELS

The Isles of Unwisdom. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Byculla. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Age Without Pity. By JOHN PREBBLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No tale of adventure is more fascinating than the voyage of discovery. The very notion of a world in which there are still Americas, still Mexicos to be plundered and Montezumas surprised in golden palaces, has the potent charm of a universal myth. The world was once largely unknown, the seas uncharted. Islands, deserted cities, were lost for centuries, unspied on from the air. Nobody drove jeeps through the unknown jungle, or fenced for position on the arctic cap.

The gradual loss of all the unknown margins of the world has deprived the imagination of one of its basic foods, and the mind with a taste for these things turns hungrily to geographical magazines and the publications of the Hakluyt Society. What pleasure Mr. Robert Graves must have felt when he first, living in Spain and poking about in Spanish libraries, came upon a little known sixteenth-century Spanish expedition to the Solomon Islands, fully recorded in contemporary documents and almost as full of hardship, bloodshed and excitement as the wonderful earlier narrative, of Bernal Díaz!

Here, indeed, seemed everything needed for a rousing historical novel. Fierce, pious Spaniards, cannibal islands, seductive Polynesians, even—fancy her being in the original documents instead of only in the film script!—a beautiful, cruel aristocrat, Doña Ysabel, wife of the general commanding the expedition, who on his death assumes command with a sadistic ruthlessness and amorous freedom worthy of The Wicked Lady. Mr. Graves, I am certain, enjoyed himself hugely in the preparation of this long, detailed and factually abundant novel. No poet of his quality could be unmoved by the theme; and, as he tells us in the preface, his knowledge of Spanish took him in one proud leap straight to the original sources and to a huge *dramatis personae* of real people with ringing Spanish titles and bloody temperaments. What happy days in the library! What intoxicating researches into Elizabethan seamanship and the archives of Seville! What congenial conferences with scholars!

The expedition, which sailed from Peru in 1695, took ten months and was disastrous. Its ostensible purpose was to extend the Spanish empire and carry Christ to the Solomons. A body of settlers with their wives and children, a sufficiency of soldiers and a knot of priests were all on board. But the greed for gold, the savage jealousy between soldier and sailor, the brutality, piracy and treachery of the men concerned brought the enterprise to ruin, so that in the end only a single galleon limped into Manilla Harbour, her canvas in shreds, her crew decimated and starving, and the Solomon Islands abandoned to the cannibals, who thereafter enjoyed them unmolested for a further two centuries.

What a story! In reading *The Isles of Unwisdom* one is conscious all the time of the author's appreciation of his material. But when the research was ended, one has an equally strong impression; with the actual writing of the novel, all pleasure ceased. Somehow, mysteriously, Mr. Graves's muse had not been fertilised. She had had her fling in the preparation of the novel, and had no poetry, no excitement left for the written page. Yet she had done months of work and filled many card-indexes, and she was determined. The plod, plod of her steady feet is audible for more than four hundred pages.

It is puzzling, and it is a great pity. The book is neither an authentic account (in which one cheerfully endures much tedium because of the pearls of truth) nor a pure novel of adventure. It sticks too laboriously to the one, and fails to achieve the bold simplicity of the other. A greater willingness to select and abandon facts would have allowed us to follow and appreciate what was left; or, if a straight historical narrative were intended, we could have been spared the shallow, interminable cloak-and-sword dialogue. Perhaps the explanation is that Mr. Graves, for all his gifts, is not the man for the theme. Had Richard Hughes, say, lighted on those Spanish documents, and whittled them down to his purpose, we might have had the nautical-romantic adventure that Mr. Graves intended.

Mr. Linklater is a most accomplished entertainer, and the first thing one notices about his *Mr. Byculla* is the high degree of readability which invites one straight into the story at the first page and keeps one agreeably occupied without pause or effort, as though with a polished and *rusé* host, to the last. Elegant type, a nice size and a learnedly witty jacket by Edward Bawden combine with the contents to make this an excellent book for the hammock on a hot afternoon. Is one likely to find a serious devotee of Thuggee in a South Kensington hotel, dining at the Corner House, visiting the Palladium, and despatching his victims with a scrupulous regard for the niceties of his religion and his art? Perhaps not; but it does not seem to matter. Mr. Byculla, large, sympathetic, mysterious gentleman of mixed descent, with a house in Beirut and a curiously detailed knowledge of the criminal tribes of India, is a congenial creation; it is the most natural thing in the world that he should strike up friendships with other solitary readers in the British Museum, or with almost anybody, for that matter. He has his sinister side, but in his hands even the rites of Thuggee are not unduly repellent. Mr. Linklater describes his book as a thriller; it is both quieter and much better than the word suggests.

In *Age Without Pity* Mr. John Prebble explores with seriousness and sympathy a present-day dilemma which may well be more common than one supposes: that of a middle-class Englishman who during the occupation of Germany has married a young German widow, and now finds that neither she nor her child can be assimilated into English life. Everything that the English dislike about the Germans he concentrates into the wife's thirteen-year-old son who arrives from Germany after the war, and with implacable adolescent hostility rebuffs his stepfather's well-intentioned attempts to make him happy. Such an element in any mixed marriage must destroy it, and Mr. Prebble's sincerity makes one believe in the dilemma as one of those painful problems to which there is no answer. It is not, however, quite on the plane of tragedy, which is where he tries to place it; and his hero's breakdown seems therefore neither quite inevitable nor quite convincing.

MARGARET LANE

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"I can tell you that we go armed with a *mass* of literature," writes Miss Dale, of her holidays in France and Italy. The remark is in character, for it is Miss Dale's belief that the main reason why your holiday on the Continent might go wrong is likely to be administrative; "you have muddled your planning, your packing, or your reservations." In *Bon Voyage* she tries to reduce the likelihood of such mistakes by giving her readers the benefit of her experience of travel in France and Italy by car. You will learn how to prepare your holiday; how to overhaul your car before you set out, how to obtain your allowance of foreign currency, how to obtain good maps of the route. Later you will learn how to enjoy

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AT the Annual General Meeting on June 21, the Chairman said:—

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I need hardly say we were not deceived by this change of name. We are convinced that nationalisation and mutualisation would, in practice, amount to the same thing. They both involve a politically controlled State Board and neither seems to hold out any advantage for the policyholders or the employees in the industry.

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it; how to eat and drink well, how many miles you can comfortably cover in a day, and how to shop. You can follow in Miss Dale's footsteps, and can travel to the South of France via Rheims, Zurich, Genoa and Milan with the certainty that everything has been arranged, though you may well think that it has been arranged at a price.

"Like everything else in life," she remarks, referring to the solution of an unforeseen difficulty, "it's simple once you know how it's done." Packing, for instance; the important thing is not to forget anything. Men must not forget their white flannels, their blazers (why must they be blue?), their "shaving and washing tackle in waterproof containers," and of course their cameras (and/or ciné cameras). Women *must* bring dark glasses; "hair-curlers, kirbi-grips, hair net, brilliantine to offset dryness," should be carefully checked, while evening clothes, if brought, must be "elaborate; full evening; no in-between." Or the car—don't just ask the garage to overhaul it. Present the mechanic with Miss Dale's nineteen points and see he checks each one. And if you think that the holiday she suggests, with its stay at Juan-les-Pins, not too far from Nice ("once the hub of fashionable life") or the Hayworth-Aly Khan villa, follows the British tourist's favourite spots too closely, you can at least be sure that little will occur to interrupt the flow of this well-organized three weeks.

Naturally, with this philosophy, Miss Dale's book, charmingly illustrated by B. Biro, contains a quantity of useful information. It is true that the R.A.C. and A.A. supply motorists with much of her material, and that she might have omitted her lecture on behaviour to Customs men ("these . . . men are reasonable. They have got a job to do.") But the glossary of French and Italian motoring terms is invaluable (no longer will you have desperately to struggle for the French for big end), and it was a good idea to include the Wine and Food Society's Vintage Chart.

CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT

Somewhere South of Suez. By DOUGLAS REED. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When he went to Africa in 1947, Mr. Reed took with him in his bonnet a hive of political bees whose buzzing deprives his travelogue of value or sense. Obsessed by the notion that this century's "Grand Design" is the product of an unholy alliance between Soviet Communism and Political Zionism, he would have us believe that the real, undeclared objectives of American strategy in the second world war were (*a*) the establishment of Israel as a step towards the enslavement of humanity by a Jewish-dominated Uno, and (*b*) the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist conquest of China. This accepted, there is no need to boggle greatly over Mr. Reed's thesis that Roosevelt, with his evil genius Harry Hopkins, was either accomplice or stooge in this dark conspiracy; that Hitler himself was the conspirators' tool in the fabrication, for Marxist ends, of "increasing misery"; and that civilisation is now threatened, in Africa, by a British Colonial Office policy inspired by the "mysterious" Fabian Society. The Cold War, you see, is mere camouflage, and Mr. Truman's "Fourth Point" programme a sham. The Political Zionists and Soviet Communists, to whose destructive propaganda inventiveness we owe *Apartheid* and the "colour" problem, have no intention of allowing Africa to fulfil its proper destiny—that of a great base, plenished by wholesale immigration of non-Communist Whites, from whence a victorious counter-attack can one day be launched against the Euro-Asian Communist-controlled land mass. It is to this geopolitical conclusion—main plank in Sir Oswald Mosley's platform—that Mr. Reed was led by his journey in a continent which he observed, one must imagine, with distracted eyes; for the reality cannot have matched comfortably his fixation.

Edward Bawden. By ROBERT HARLING. *Art and Technics.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It will probably come as a surprise to all who saw Edward Bawden's remarkable water-colour drawings done in the Middle East as a war artist, to realise the extent of his work in black-and-white. This line of business, indeed, was what he had set his eye on at an early stage. Lying in bed as a child he copied Louis Wain's cats from the *Girl's Own Paper* —"and like a sissy, I resolved to be a book-illustrator." Mr. Harling quotes several such revealing passages in his sympathetic study in the "English Masters of Black and White" series. He tells us of the training, teaching and contacts that led up to Bawden's early commercial work for the Westminster Press, the Curwen Press and the Kynoch Press; discusses a "jobbing artist's" economic use of time —a book jacket design may take a week, or half a day; describes Bawden's methods of drawing: and concludes that here is a great comic illustrator in the tradition of Doyle and Lear. The sixty pages of admirably reproduced illustrations include decorations for diaries, wine lists and notebooks, type borders, the Shell advertisements, headings and tail-pieces to the Ambrose Heath cookery books and the *Week-end Book*, and the extremely witty illustrations to the Fortnum and Mason booklets. The designs for *Vogue* and the *Burlington Magazine*, for the Tea Bureau's booklet and the Labour Party pamphlets, for Orient Lines and the Zinc Development Association, show an altogether remarkable capacity to blend subject and occasion with highly individual style and humour.

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Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an epigram in *either* the Greek *or* the Chinese manner on the life and death of any one of the following: a games player, a civil servant, a novelist, a headmaster. Limit eight lines. Entries by July 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,059

Set by Geoffrey Dennis

Imagine that you are faced with this question in a university examination paper: "Distinguish carefully between the characters of either Hengist and Horsa, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, Castor and Pollux, Erckman and Chatrian, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, or Gog and Magog." The usual prizes are offered for the best answers, in approved examinee style, to any *one* of them. Limit 200 words.

Report by Geoffrey Dennis

As I rather anticipated, the Rosensterns and the Tweedles drew most answers. Also most of the best. There was almost no alpha pure; J. E. Cunningham and V. S. Goslin on the former couple, and R. J. P. Hewison, Jaculor and Allan M. Laing on the latter, were as good as some of those chosen—among the characteristically considerable company of excellent beta plus pluses it was almost literally a toss-up. I recommend first prizes of two guineas each for the two entries first printed, and four prizes of half a guinea for the four following. (Contributor of third entry, Sheffield, 10, please send name.) I liked M. K. Jones' remarks that "Ma Gog was of course Gog's mother"; W. E. Smith's (in an entry that started off with a bang) that "Dum, although 'Dee's twin, must for a brief time have been an only child"; and D. R. Peddy's that, when Castor finally convinced Pollux that they had different mothers, "all was ova between them." H. and H., my own favourite pair, attracted a few good shots. Mervyn Jones pleaded that he was not up to university standard: might he submit an attempt at Common Entrance level? Even by 1950 standards, it is, one hopes, scarcely that; but as decidedly the most *juteux* of the Jutish answers I add it with joy after the winning entries.

We must not allow their extraordinary resemblance, faithfully reproduced in their joint portrait by Sir John Tenniel, nor the final mystery of their simultaneous disappearance, to blind us to the amazing disparity of their characters. These are as far apart as the lapidary vigour of "TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE" is from the mellifluous cadences of "TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE."

Dum is extraverted, practical. He takes the initiative in novel situations, he is strong on etiquette, a natural Master of Ceremonies. ("Four times round is enough.") Dee is introverted, literary. He drags in the subject of poetry and recites a highly symbolical poem. He is a philosopher and his interpretation of reality is readily accepted by Dum.

Dum is a Conservative, a defender of Private Enterprise. ("Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing.") Dee is a rebel—possibly an anarchist, though his "contrariwise" has a Marxian flavour. There is a hint of schizophrenia in his attitude to Dum whose property he has sabotaged. He is above all unpractical and comes off second-best in his armament race with Dum. A. WESTLAKE

Miss Sadie Shellback, of New York University, on Page 1234 of her book on Shakespeare, says: "That wonderful man never paints two characters alike." Rosencrantz *must* therefore be quite different from Guildenstern! We get the first hint of the difference between the two when, after the king says:—

"Thanks Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern," the queen says:—

"Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz." This is the first indication of the secret love affair between the queen and Rosencrantz. Compare other speeches by Rosencrantz, notably where, interrupting Guildenstern, he actually *lies* to please his mistress ("niggard of question," etc.). Hamlet suspects the true state of affairs, and it is after his trying interview with his mother that he plans the death of his old friend and fellow theatre-goer.

Guildenstern is a man of quite different calibre. The key to his character is in the recorder scene. He cannot play one, a sinister point, in view of Shakespeare's well-known antipathy to the man who has no music in his soul. He is a silent villain (41 lines to Rosencrantz's 86½ lines). In the last few scenes, his only speech is "A thing, my Lord,"—the man himself summed up. How different from the charming ill-fated Rosencrantz! M. J. P. L.

The characters of Tweedledum and Tweedledee (as developed by Lewis Carroll from quasi-historical prototypes), though superficially alike, are in essentials dissimilar. Though they are brothers and live in the same house, it is not without significance that the finger-posts, directing Alice thereto, bear legends differently phrased. The one "TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE" matches Tweedledum's forthright, short-spoken, practical nature: the other "TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE" accords well

with his more voluble, mannered, and artistically minded brother.

Tweedledum is a man of property—he probably owns the house, and the lone sword they keep for battles, just as he certainly owns the nice new rattle, broken in a fit of artistic frustration by the impractical (he is, after all, content to fight with an umbrella he had become entangled in) but poetry-loving Tweedledee. The latter is a peaceable person (as his hiding under the umbrella shows) and is frankly nervous of the imminent conflict. The former is aggressive and violent—but the whole contrast between them can best be expressed in their own words: Tweedledum's brusqueness, single-mindedness and practicality by "Nobow," and Tweedledee's more sensitive, complex, and partly feminine nature by "Contariwise."

"SHEFFIELD, 10"

That Rosenkrantz is the dominant partner, owing his mastery to his quicker wits and fewer scruples, is apparent from even the most superficial study of this pair. Beside him Guildenstern appears defective in intelligence but with lovable qualities which Rosenkrantz totally lacks. Their relationship is revealed when Rosenkrantz, after the murder of Polonius and their failure to find the body, shouts: Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.

It is Rosenkrantz who comes to the point with Hamlet, somewhat distrait after the play scene, when Guildenstern, bewildered, was begging the Prince to put his discourse "into some frame." Note also how often this simple-minded youth ejaculates, "A prison, my lord?" or "A thing, my lord?," where Rosenkrantz always has a fitting answer and pours out three times as many words. Then, at the first meeting, Hamlet asks after Guildenstern's' health, but merely says, "Ah, Rosenkrantz" to the man he instinctively mistrusts. This is the point of the King's "Thanks Rosenkrantz and gentle Guildenstern" (emphasised by Gertrude's clumsy attempt at tact in reversing the order). Finally, they are never seen alone together, obviously having very little in common.

D. D. HAYDON

Whilst Professor Granville Barker, the eminent authority, maintains that Shakespeare is a great writer and never wrong (an opinion widely held), there are many intellectual persons who fail to detect distinguishing features in many of the characters and to make much of entire plays which often end in deaths and confusion or worse. Probably lack of time prevented Shakespeare from working out his plots, leaving much for later research to do, and whilst much has already been accomplished, more remains to be done before all is quite clear! R. and G. are two German spies who use their college friendship with Hamlet, established during his trip to the continent and his days at Wittgenstein (?) in Germany, to inform on him. If there were no difference between them Shakespeare would not have two say what one can (unless his junior actors were bad at learning long parts), as I expect theatrical producers have always been short of cash, as dramatic societies are to-day.

Naturally all foreigners are in some ways very much like one another, but recent scholarship has definitely established after much hard work, that *there is a* difference between R. and G., first . . . (time up!). R. is senior, R. has more to say, R.

L. SILBERMAN

According to Layamon, our chief source, the essential character differences between Hengist and Horsa are due directly to their fraternal relationship. Hengist is the typical elder brother. He does all the talking while Horsa hovers submissively in the background clutching his seax. I quote (of course) from memory:—

"Tha answerede the Other,
that wes the aldeste brother . . ."

The elder brother business is indeed carried so far that poor Horsa hardly ever gets a word in. Undoubtedly he suffered from a bad inferiority complex and probably had an impediment in his speech which must have been particularly troublesome at the time of the Old English sound-changes, especially umlaut.

Hengist suffered from no such inhibitions. He probably attended a good school and could recite all the names of the days of the week. Neither his erudition, however, nor his family affections, could save Hengist from some very abject dealings. He was indeed something of a cad. Horsa presumably was not; he died young, gloriously, at Aylesford, Kent, which speaks well for his character. The *aind* reveals more of his ambitious, double-dealing psyche in his later bloody career, but our survey must here close there being only 15 minutes left for the remaining six questions in this paper.

RALPH ELLIOTT

You cannot distinguish between the caracters of Hengist and Horsa except carefully because they were closely assotiated together. But in the illustrations showing Hengist and Horsa landing in Kent Hengist is getting out of the ship first but Horsa is waiting for him. Anyway most authorrities think it is Hengist getting out of the ship first. So Hengist was an agressive man but Horsa was a polite man.

Then when King Vortigern told Hengist and Horsa they could have as much land as could be covered with an ox-hide they cut it up in strips so it would cover a lot of land. They could not both have had this idea so it must have been Hengist. Most authorrities think it was Hengist who had this idea. So Hengist was an injenious man. In the illustrations Horsa is cutting up the ox-hide but Hengist is not cutting it up. So Hengist was a lazy man but Horsa was an industruous man.

Then when Hengist died Hengistbury was called after him where he was buried. But when Horsa died there is nowhere called Horsabury. So Hengist was a memorable man but Horsa was only one of Hengist and Horsa.

MERVYN JONES

CHESS: Historical Whimsies

No. 42

Whitsun being not long past, I thought we had done with whimsies until the Christmas number. But here comes J. R. Harman duly to be rewarded with a chessbook token for reminding me of a famous old piece which seems significant in various ways. It is a study composed by Petroff to illustrate Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. White's QR1 stands for Moscow, QR8 for Petersburg, KR8 for Paris. The diagonal KR1-QR8 symbolises the Beresina, and the Black K chased by the Cossacks is, of course, Napoleon. Now see how he runs.

(1)	Kt-Q2ch	K-R7	(8) Kt-R6ch	K-B1
(2)	Kt-B3ch	K-R6	(9) Kt-R7ch	K-Q2
(3)	Kt(2)-Kt1ch	K-Kt5	(10) Kt-Kt8ch	K-K2
(4)	Kt-R2ch	K-Kt4	(11) Kt-B8ch	K-B1
(5)	Kt(1)-B3ch	K-R3	(12) Kt-Q7ch	K-Kt1
(6)	Kt-Kt4ch	K-R2	(13) Kt-K7ch	K-R1
(7)	Kt-Kt5ch	K-Kt1	(14) K-Kt2 mate	

Note the ironical touch how, after the magnificent cavalry charge, the victorious Monarch quietly steps aside for his spouse to administer the *coup-de-grace*. It just goes to prove how easily Chess lends itself to every sort of symbolism. I found another amusing example in a German paper published during the first world war. It is not without some political significance either. In this position Germany, of course, is White, and the Black Allies are in a bad way. White's QR4 represents the inviolably neutral territory of Belgium, and neither of the contenders is supposed to enter that square. If only the good White could trust the bad Black to honour the agreement he could, forthwith, mate in two moves by Kt-Kt5, followed by either R-K6 or Kt-R7. But there would be no mate if the Black K were unprincipled enough to seek refuge on the neutral square. To forestall such villainy White decides to occupy the square himself by P-R4, coupled with the advice not to resist this occupation. The Black Bishop, though, is foolish enough to ignore such well-meant advice, and he proceeds to capture the occupying pawn. Whereupon the Black King is deservedly mated in two further moves. Competitors will easily see the three or four main variations. Moreover, they are invited to find a suitably symbolic title—no historical or contemporary association barred—for this thrilling King-hunt which happened at Weissenfels in 1870. Cordel (Black) moved against Alexander, like this.

(1)	—	Kt-B5ch	(6)	K-B6 Kt-B5
(2)	K-B2	0-0-0	(7)	R-Kt1 R-K3ch
(3)	K-K3	Kt-Kt7ch	(8)	K-K17 R-Q3ch
(4)	K-K4	KR-K1ch	(9)	K-R8 R-K1ch
(5)	K-B5	R-Q4ch	(10)	R-Kt8 Kt-Kt3 mate

As I would not venture to assess the flight of our competitors' fancy by any number of sordid points, the fitting title is to count in this week's competition only. After such frivolous trifles the more seriously minded competitors will welcome the solid food of two contemporary studies. In each of them White is to move and win. Neither of them is quite easy, and as they are to rate a mere 5 points each, I had better give some broad hints. In A it is a case of the over-worked Black B being unable to safeguard his King's immediate safety as well as his material interests. In B it is a case of the Queen being helped out of some temporary embarrassment.

A: M. Eisenstädt, 1946

B: F. Bondarenko
Erevan, 1947

Usual prizes. Entries by July 3

RESULT OF COMPETITION

Set June 3

A: (1) Kt-K1, K x RP, (2) Q-Kt4, etc. (*If* (1) . . . K-B7, Q-R3, etc. (*If* (1) . . . K-B8, (2) Q-B2, etc.)

B: (1) Kt-K7, etc.

C: Q-B6, P x Q, (2) Kt-R3, P x Kt, (3) R-Kt8 mate. (*If* (1) . . . R-QB1, (2) R x P ch, followed by Q-QB3. Other moves (2) Q-QB1, etc.

A and B being child's play and C evidently too much facilitated by my little "hint," this competition was too easy and produced scores of correct solutions. Even so, a good many competitors, (ignoring my hint), fell for the tempting Q-Q5 in C. It is refuted by (1) . . . P queens, followed by (2) . . . Q-K4. The Rev. E. C. Mortimer was the only one to point out this "very near shot." He shares the prizes with W. Goerke, E. Hopkinson, A. J. Shore, G. Smith.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

STATISTICIAN. By arrangement with the Civil Service Commissioners the Scottish Home Department invite applications from men and women at least 28 on August 1, 1950, for the post of Statistician to the Secretary of State for Scotland's Departments in St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh. Candidates must have a University degree with first- or second-class Honours, or a degree of equivalent standard, and must have wide experience of statistical work. Appointment will be for 3 or 5 years in the first instance. Commencing salary between £910 and £1,070 according to qualifications and experience, on a scale rising to a maximum of £1,214. Rate for women somewhat lower. Federated Superannuation system for Universities will apply. Further particulars and forms of applic. may be obtained from Establishment Officer, S.H.D. Room 364, St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, 1, with whom applics. should be lodged by July 8, 1950.

UNIVERSITY of Otago (Dunedin, N.Z.). Applications are invited for the position of Professor of English. Salary £1,500 (N.Z.) per annum. Further particulars and information as to method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applications is July 31, 1950.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Sierra Leone. A vacancy exists for an Economist in the Department of Commerce and Industry, Sierra Leone. Duties will be to build up the Economic Branch of the Department, to conduct economic surveys and research into the economics of production of the principal agricultural commodities, to collect data necessary for the establishment of primary and secondary industries, and to conduct socio-economic research. Appointment is on contract for a period of two tours, each of 18-24 months, in the first instance. Salary offered for a suitably qualified man is on a flat rate of between £1,600 and £1,800 a year, with gratuity payable on satisfactory completion of contract at the rate of £37 10s. for each period of three months' service. In addition a temporary cost of living allowance of £125 a year is payable. Partly furnished Government quarters are normally available and £150 a year will be deducted for rent. Free first-class passages on appointment and on leave are provided for the officer and his wife, provided permission is given for the officer's wife to accompany him. Income tax at local rates which are very much lower than those in the United Kingdom. Leave on full pay is granted at the rate of 7 days for each completed month of residential service. Candidates should be under 50 years of age, and should possess a University degree or Second Class Honours in Economics, and should have had considerable experience of administration, research and economic planning. Preference will be given to persons possessing post graduate qualifications in research, or with previous economic experience in under-developed territories. Form of application can be obtained from the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith St., S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt of completed application forms is June 30.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. The Council of the College invites applications for the Chair of Mathematics at a salary of £1,700 per annum. Candidates should submit the names of three referees, and send, on or before July 1, 1950, twelve copies of their applications to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Assistant Head of Music. High musical qualifications and ability to undertake exacting administrative work are essential. Duties do not include conducting. Starting salary £1,160, rising by £75 to £1,610 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "A.H. Music, N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. env.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the Chair of Social Anthropology. The Chair will be vacant in January, 1951. A first-hand knowledge of African people although not essential will be considered an added recommendation. The salary scale is £1,000–£50–£1,100 per annum plus a temporary cost of living allowance, which at present is £208 per annum for a married man and £57 per annum for a single person. Examples of income tax (1950): Married man with an income of £1,200: about £80 (with a rebate for children under 18 years of age). Single person with an income of £1,050: about £100. Cost of living allowance is included in salary for purpose of income tax. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications, and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom a memorandum giving the general conditions of appointment should be obtained) not later than July 31, 1950. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa.

SHORTHAND typists, one permanent, one temporary holiday relief, wanted for interesting work on daily newspaper. Box 7461.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University College (Wellington, New Zealand). Principalship. The Principal of the College, Sir Thomas Hunter, K.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., having intimated to the College Council that he wishes to retire in January, 1951, the Council invites application from any person who has held a responsible teaching position in a University and who has given evidence of possessing powers of administration. The Principal will be paid a salary at the rate of £2,000 per annum (New Zealand currency). He will also receive an entertainment allowance of £200 per annum (New Zealand currency). The successful applicant will be allowed approved fares to Wellington for himself, his wife and his children. In addition he will receive a grant for actual removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics. is July 31, 1950.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Anthropology. Salary scale £600–£1,150 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. The appointment will date from October 1, 1950. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be received not later than July 7, 1950, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St., W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Psychology, at an initial salary of £450 per annum, with allowance for age, experience and qualifications. Candidates should hold an Honours degree in Psychology, and show special interest in Social Psychology. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than July 8, 1950, by the undersigned, from whom further particulars of the appointment may be obtained. Stanley Dumbell, Registrar.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Children's Hour Assistant at Edinburgh. Duties include preparation for and production of certain Scottish Children's Hour programmes. Candidates should have a knowledge of Scotland and Scottish history, literature and music. An interest in and understanding of children, good general education and organising ability are essential. Experience in finding and editing material and of dramatic production is necessary. Starting salary £470 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £30 to £680 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Children's Hour Asst. N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

HAMPSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Area Children's Visitor. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Area Children's Visitor. The person appointed will be required to act under the direction of the Children's Officer and will be responsible for investigating and supervising children in Foster Homes and for supervising children who are in any way the responsibility of the County Council under the Children Act, 1948, other than those in the County Council's Homes and Nurseries. Applicants should have had training and/or experience in the boarding-out of children and good knowledge of children's needs and of their care, and should hold Social Science or recognised Child Care qualifications. The appointment will be in Grade II–III of the A.P.T. Division of the National Scale for Local Authorities' staffs (£420 by annual increments of £15 to £495) and will be pensionable. The officer appointed will be required to keep a car for which travelling allowances on the National Scale will be paid. Further particulars and application forms, which must be returned not later than July 1, 1950, may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester. G. A. Wheatley, Clerk of the County Council. The Castle, Winchester.

COUNTY of Cornwall. Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for two posts of senior assistant on the established staff of the County Library at Truro. One of the successful candidates will be required to undertake library work with children and young people. Salary will be on Grade A.P.T. II (£420 × £15—£465) and the national conditions of service will apply. Both appointments are pensionable and the successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, endorsed County Library, accompanied by the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary for Education, County Hall, Truro, by July 8, 1950. E. T. Verger, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Truro.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Applications are invited for the appointment of Research Assistant in the Department of Social Study. Salary £450 per annum, with Superannuation and family allowances where applicable. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1950. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the University, with whom applications should be lodged not later than July 1.

HOUSE-FATHER, experienced, required, salary £225 p.a. rising to £300 with full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd. S.W.16

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Variety Producer at Glasgow. Duties include preparation for and production of variety programmes in Scotland. Candidates must have a knowledge of the entertainment world and in particular of existing Scottish talent. Other essential qualifications are the ability to find new talent and material and to edit and adapt such material; a musical background; and experience in production. Starting salary £750 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £50 to £1,100 p.a. maximum, or for a candidate without all the desired qualifications £610 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £40 to £890 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Variety Producer N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture requires two Entomologists and one Inspector, Plant Protection, aged 30 to 37, for service in the Sudan. Candidates should possess a degree in Agriculture with specialisation in Zoology, or a degree in Natural Science. Appointment will be either on long-term contract for ten years on a salary scale £E.830 to £E.1,316, with special post-service gratuity; or on Provident Fund Contract or short-term contract, at slightly higher rates of pay and different post-service benefits. Cost of living allowance varying between £E.142 and £E.352 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E.60, is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application form may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Agricultural Entomologist" or "Plant Protection," as may be appropriate.

RHODES University College, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in English from January 1, or July 1, 1951. Salary scale £Sa. 1,425—£850 p.a. Women: £550 × £25—£700 p.a., plus a variable cost of living allowance, at present about £57 p.a. for single persons and £100 p.a. for married persons. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is August 31, 1950.

JOINT Matriculation Board (Universities of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield and Birmingham). The Board proposes to appoint in October an Assistant in order to conduct an investigation into the relationship between school estimates and examination performances. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance but may be renewed and the salary attached to the post, which will be full-time, will be £450 p.a. Further details may be obtained from the Secretary to the Board, 315 Oxford Rd., Manchester, 13. The last day for the receipt of applications for appointment will be Saturday, July 1, 1950. J. A. Petch, Secretary to the Board.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or Appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies, which include some Headmasterships, are outside Europe, i.e. Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone), and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male teachers can be joined overseas by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

B.B.C. invites applications for employment as Programme Assistants in the Yugoslav Section of the East European Service. Candidates' mother tongue must be Serb or Croat and they must have received their education in Yugoslavia. They will be required to read in the language fluently and agreeably and to translate into it. English texts on a great variety of subjects. They must be familiar with the language now used in the Press and on the Yugoslav radio, they should have an intimate knowledge of English and a thorough grasp of present-day economic and political affairs and they should show ability in translating for broadcasting. At present there are no staff vacancies but suitably qualified applicants are required immediately for part-time employment and will be placed on a reserve list for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary is according to qualifications. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Yugoslav N. Stm." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

EXPORT and Import Company, London, requires a specialist in groceries trade (esp. cocoa beans) with good knowledge of London and origin markets, expd. in stipulating overs. transactions—reliable and conscientious. Salary according to qualifications. Write, stating exp., refs., Box 7543.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for appointment to the Council's service and allocation to the following posts in the first instance. Resident teachers are required to undertake supervisory and extraneous duties outs de school hours and at week-ends and receive residential emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of these duties. Apply at once on form EO/TS40, obtainable from (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary), and return to the Education Officer (EO/TS5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Bradstow School, Broadstairs, Kent, to be opened in September, 1950, as a residential special school for 80 educationally sub-normal children, mainly girls aged 5-16. There will be an admission class of boys and girls aged 5-7. (The premises are at present used by a private school under a different name; visits not possible before August, 1950.) Four resident assistant mistresses, one of whom should be trained for infants (modern methods); qualifications in art, handwork, needlework or music desirable. Burnham scale salary with two additional increments throughout the scale and carried beyond the maximum for work in a special school. Oak Hall Residential Nursery School, Broad Oak, near Heathfield, Sussex; for children aged 2-5. Resident assistant mistress, nursery trained. Burnham Scale salary.

NORFOLK County Council. Public Health Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Mental Health Worker (female) on Headquarters Staff. Salary will be on Scale A.P.T. I (£390 × £15—£435) and consideration will be given to applications from persons not fully qualified who desire to make social work their career. The duties of the post will include the supervision of mental defectives and the visitation and care of discharged mental patients. Ability to drive a car is essential and travelling allowances will be paid in accordance with the County Scale. Further information, together with forms of application, can be obtained from the County Medical Officer, 29 Thorpe Road, Norwich, to whom applics. must be submitted by June 30, 1950.

GRADUATE required to teach French to School Certificate Standard. Post residential. This is a school for maladjusted boys of high I.Q. and intelligent and sympathetic interest in the pupils is essential. Burnham Scale to suitable applicants. Subsidiary subjects offered should be stated. Red Hill School, East Sutton, nr. Maidstone.

FAMILY Caseworker (woman) required. Social Science Certificate (or equivalent qualification) and experience. Salary £330 to £375. Apply to the Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley St., Liverpool, 1, by letter enclosing copies of testimonials.

ST. Francis School for Boys requires a temporary Play Therapist for the next two terms 45 boys, 10-16 years. For further particulars apply: Father Owen, S. S.F., St. Francis School, Hooke, Beaminster Dorset.

NATIONAL Union of Students Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the Travel Director; commencing late August, 1950; applicants preferably under 30; good shorthand/typing, accuracy, languages, good memory, foreign travel an advantage. Must be intelligent, responsible, tactful, energetic, resourceful. Interesting job, irregular hours. Commencing salary £305 p.a.

HOLIDAY help reqd. month July. Pleasant person to cook, help with 2-year-old. Seaside, Frinton. Dr. Himmelweit, 154 Oakwood Court, Addison Rd. W.14. WES. 1220.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CHARTERED Accountant, 36, sks. change. 13 yrs. profession, 7 commerce. Intg. and useful work as important as salary. Box 6746.

YOUNG man, 28, B.Sc., ex-army captain, now teaching, seeks interesting work. Home or abroad. Anything considered. Available July. Box 7282.

VERY efficient lady, admin. experience, organising ability, languages, typing, seeks responsible position. Box 7001.

SOCIAL Science cert., well educated, 30's, ex W.A.A.F. Lived in India, France, U.S.A., travelled on Continent. Expd. in research, psychology, medicine, writing. Present in charge of unit, microfilm library. Sks. change. Own typewriter. Good refs. Box 6996.

WOMAN artist (25) needs job summer, do anything, go anywhere. Box 7188.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Complete set Encyclopædia Britannica 1947 edition, as new, bound in blue levantex, with two year books, in dark oak bookcase: offers over £60; Bechstein Piano, overstrung upright grand; Anatomy Atlas, Grant, 70s.; Upright overstrung piano in excellent condition, £40; Siamese kittens.

WANTED: Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 1od. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

EXPERIENCED restful educationist seeks supporters, collaborators, to start a school on the land, where organic husbandry and respect for the whole person can help bring about full health and growth. Box 7023.

BUSY Social Worker from East End requires furnished house/flat, seaside or country, for self and daughter, aged 3. Whole or part August. Box 6972.

CHAUFFEUR, mechanic, medical student, ex-R.A.F., knowledge Continental travel, wks. summer employment. Box 6958.

WOMAN school-teacher seeks holiday post. Free Aug. 4-Sept. 1. Box 7015.

CREATIVE part-time occupation offered adapting houses and gardens; Partnership if some experience; car advantageous. Box 7501.

AUTHOR, engaged upon monograph on 19th Cent. Parliamentarian, seeks part-time research assistant. Remuneration small, but interesting work. Box 6948.

PARTNER wanted by working craft artist no capital, share profit, month's loan living quarters 30 mls. London. Box 6895.

STUDENT (Hons. Phys. and Maths.) will give tuition Maths. & Physics up to B.Sc. standard, during summer, London. Box 7159.

HOLIDAY suggestions invited for Public Schoolboy, 14, reliable, cheerful, likes companion in family living country. Box 7187.

WOULD woman student like bed-sit./full board next few months in exchange part-time help two small children? Near Central London. Apply Box 7252.

FRENCH student, 21, seeks board and lodging with family London few months, tutor and/or help housework. Box 7292.

A PARTY of adults going Switzerland, August, has vacancies; also party young girls to Italy, August. Box 7154.

THE Society of Brothers need helpers for all classes of building work, including water & electrical installations. Those interested in brotherly community life & willing to help for a week/more in return for maintenance and accom. please write Wheathill Bruderhof, Bovendon, Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

FARM holiday near sea sought by couple with girl 3 yrs., baby 3 months. Two to four weeks August. Box 6941.

CONSULTANT editor/writer, London, undertaking the layout, presentation, typography, editing and printing of publicity literature invites inquiries from Industrial Authorities, Societies, or business organisations for the production of informative publications. Box 6631.

AUTHOR wants part-time work. Must earn regular £4 per week. Box 7356.

RUSSIAN for all examinations. Qualified teacher. Box 7367.

LATIN, Greek, English coaching by Oxford woman B.A. W. London. Also avail. any post town/country during summer. Box 6997.

CHILDREN'S holidays: seaside, riding, tennis, fishing. Abundant food. Family environment. Telephone PAD. 1343 or write: 20 Gloucester Place, N.W.1.

TO Switzerland or France on a holiday and educational exchange visit. Also good families for paying guests. Particulars from Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., London, N.W.3. PRImrose 1370.

WANTED: Tutor who can spare several hrs. p.w. for backward pupil. Box 6940.

WANTED, part-time teaching in drawing, painting, or lithography, Greater London area. A.R.C.A. Box 6826.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

IMPECUNIOUS but aesthetic? Complete antique furnishing schemes undertaken in the elegant, earthy, or baroque, at absurdly low cost and client's exact advance quotation. Write Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex.

INCOME Tax/Accountancy problems? Refer them to L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

BOOKBINDING of every description executed promptly at reasonable charges by W. Klebinder, 689 Finchley Rd., N.W.2.

OBERAMMERGAU & Austrian Tyrol £27. Italian Lakes £35. Brittany Coast £29 12s. All inclusive 15-day holidays. Always. 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tem. 8702.

ABSOLUTELY all-in fully conducted holidays in Austria, Balearics, France, Switzerland, from 33gns. Apply Esmitours, 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Surrey. (VIG. 0405.)

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

VOCATIONAL guidance; marriage guidance; character delineation. Uncertain about your future? Consult J. N. Naylor, 72 George St., W.1. WEL. 1182.

SAILING and Camping Holiday with tuition, South Devon, August-September. Write 44 Willan Way, Letchworth.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with improved Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. a set from Florestan Carapanu, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PERSONAL—continued

IF you can write a good letter, you can make money by writing for the Press. Send for Secrets of Successful Writing, free, Premier School of Journalism, 95 Premier House, 53 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

FOREST School Camps for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Aug. 2 to Sept. 6, 1950. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 38 Barton Rd. Cambridge.

WEEK-END and Summer house parties, congenial company, in England, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Scandinavia, also Corsica and Majorca. Cruises in luxury yacht off English and French coasts and to Paris. Also individual rail and hotel reservations. Write/phone for details. Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5832.

AUSTRIAN Holidays. There are still a few vacancies in small informal parties, professional and university people, Tyrol, July 1, and other dates July, August, September. Cost from £25. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HOLIDAYS in Germany & Austria. Rhein, Black Forest, Franconia, Bavaria, Carinthia, Styria, Salzkammergut, Vorarlberg, Tyrol, 14 days incl. from 27gns. By air via Innsbruck, 14 days incl. from 29gns. For full details apply to the Shalimar Travel Agency, Ltd., 76 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. Phone GER. 5960 and 2515.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meetings, socials and dances, etc.

AUSTRIAN Salzkammergut. Private tour, August 20-September 2. £26 incl. Dr. Beer, Norwood Technical College, S.E.27.

A WEEK in Paris. Selected hotels and a delightful programme. Small parties from London at inclusive charges. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Pl., W.C.1. HOLborn 4846.

TWO full weeks in Corsica, holiday camp in 3 acres by the sea, £28 10s., travel included; or Italy £31 10s. inclusive. For details ring Club Olympique de Paris, HOL. 4846, or write Pomfrey & Partners Ltd., 22 Bury Pl., W.C.1.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). "Everyman's Music" wkend., with Cornelius Fisher, July 14-16. From 40s.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LARGE well-furn. bed-sit. room with breakfast for gentleman in lady's comf. flat. Central. Res. housekeeper. Maida 1985.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

DORSET Chambers, 32/33 Leinster Sq. W.2. Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms. bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON. Pref. people seeking first-class accom. with service, breakfast & dinner, and many comforts and attractions, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Maitland Park Ave., Kens., W.11; or 'phone PARK 6280.

TWO small sunny bed-sitting rooms available, sharing large kitchen, frig. and garden, St. John's Wood. Box 7190.

FURN. 2 large pleas. rooms, bthrm., small gas cooker. Sep. g. & c. sheets. No linen/service. Suit 2 women sharing. Pref. no wireless. Ruislip 5807. Rees. terms. Box 7231.

MENTON flat, sleep 5, to let July onwards. £5 weekly. Garage. Box 7370.

DELIGHTFUL thatched cottage, small but convenient; telephone, garden; secluded, but near market town, one hour London. Rent free about 9 months of year to careful, appreciative lady. Refs. exchanged. Box 7415.

ARTISTS, Shepherd's cot., Scottish Highlands, want paying guest, Artist/Art Student, summer months. Box 7131.

PART country house offered, furnished, use kitchen, bath, all services. Deggetts, Chipperfield, Herts.

GALWAY, near City, house to let or sell. Modern conveniences, bathing, boating, tennis, golf. Box 6920.

EASTBOURNE, Meads. Beautiful hall floor flat. 3 bed., 2 rec., usual offices. Lovely position at foot of Downs. £375 p.a. inc. Polsham, Railway Stn., Eastbourne.

TEACHER (lady) requires 1 or 2 rooms with own cooking facilities. Furn. or partly furn. Easy reach Wembley. Box 6995.

WANTED: 1, 2 or 3 unfurn. rooms, own bath and kit. Will modernise & decorate. Selby-Bigge, 12 Sheffield Terrace, W.8.

WANTED in October unfurn., fairly central, 3-room flat, rent. Box 6885.

WOMAN graduate, New Zealander, 27, requires in mid-July flat, or share flat. Can supply some furniture. Box 7058.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SOUTH Coast, Bognor Regis. Private Hotel known as "Hanover," freehold, detached, central position, sea front close to Pier, consisting of 11 bedrooms all centrally heated, hot & cold all rooms, power points both rooms, 3 square, lounge, dining-room seating 40 people, private sitting-rooms, all domestic offices, fully furnished, ready to take over complete with season's bookings as from June 1, 1950. Reason for selling: sickness. Price complete £7,000. Applications to: Proprietor, "Hanover," The Steyne, Bognor Regis.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth. 10s.; 3 mths. £1; 6 mths. 30s.; 1 year £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2 (HOL. 5088).

1,000,000 Shillings Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

CARAVAN bargain. 1950 model, proprietary, 16ft., four sprung berths, two compartments. End kitchens; all gas; equipped. New. £290, free delivery arranged. RM/AMHR, London, W.C.1.

CALL, write or 'phone: Fibred Records of New Telefunken, Archeologie Sonore, and other Foreign Labels. Lists publ. regularly. Two Finley, 164 Hanbury St., nr. Aldgate, London, E.1. BIS. 5319, 10-6. 10-2 Sundays.

EYESIGHT—those interested in the Bates method of visual re-education and sight-training can obtain particulars from the Bates Practitioners Association, 10 Harcourt House, 19a Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the famous Cuticlout blend, still supreme, a delightful smoke. 2s. 6d. per 4oz.—post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

SMOKE To your heart's content. The perfect Herbal Smoking Mixture is Heath & Heather's No. 64. It costs 1s. 8d. per 4oz. packet and is a blend of finest quality British herbs. Send 1s. 8d. for a packet of No. 64 to Heath & Heather, Ltd., Dept. No. C.23, Herb Specialists, St. Albans. A catalogue of all Heath & Heather's noted Herb remedies will also be sent on request.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing and Pamphlets, Reports, Leaflets, Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. Bishopsgate 7021/7876.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

OLD Plow Hatch, nr. E. Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, a good centre for lovely unspoilt Sussex and the coast. A friendly atmosphere, attractive food and well-planned comfort. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

FORGET your troubles and stay at The Manor Hotel, Duddleswell, Ashdown Forest. Phone Nutley 2.

WEST Sussex. Woodfield Hotel, Fernhurst, offers a holiday with excellent home-produced food, first-class comfort and secluded gardens in beautiful country unsurpassed for walking or riding. Easy access South Coast and London. Postal address and station: Haslemere, Surrey. Fernhurst 276.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 50 acres grnds. Modn. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

RIVINGTON Hotel. Modern amenities, gdn. prod. Eggs. Cromwell Rd., Hove 331062.

CONWAY. Mountain & sea holiday. Apply tariff: Michael, Bryn Dinas, Woodlands.

GLORIOUS North Devon. Hartland Hotel, Woolacombe. Best position & high reputation. Children welcome. Good Devon fare & farm produce. Write brochure. Tel. 47. Vacancies June, July, & September.

CORNISH fishing village, S.W. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Good food. Lt. Cmmdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. Superior guest house, surrounded own glorious gardens. French cuisine. Children welcomed. 4½gns. p.w. Vacancies June, July, September. Continental," 10 Albany Rd., Hastings 4571.

BOGNOR (Pier View, Sunyne), full board residence, hot and cold water, every comfort & convenience. Children welcome, half price. Terms moderate. Central.

ISLE of Wight. Guest House by the Sea, 23 acres (3 reserved for nudism, optional, fresh water pool) H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation; for ladies and families. Brochure (stamp) from Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.O.W.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court Hotel. 33 rooms, 1 acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. 6gns. inclusive, 7-8gns. from June 3rd. Tel.: 1344.

HAMBLE (Southampton Water, facing I.O.W.) Guest Hse.—large yacht owner—3 acres grnds. Own prod. Swimming, etc. Riverside Hotel, Hamble. (Hamble 2150.)

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Private Hotel, where food and comfort matter. Unrivalled position on sea front. Vacancies excepting August. Terms 5-5½gns. Phone 293.

BUDLEIGH Salterton, S. Devon. Bed, breakfast, dinner, £4 4s., with lunch, tea £5 10s. Comf. house. 10 mins. sea. Box 6944.

FOR Oxford University, Cotswolds and Shakespeare's Country, stay at Bigwood Holiday Camp, Radley, Berks. Small camp in beautiful surroundings. Children welcomed. Excellent food, constant hot water. 4½gns. per week. Fully booked July 1 to 8 and July 29 to Aug. 19. Write for illustrated brochure.

CORNWALL. "Semaen Cove Hotel," Land's End, overlooking sea and glorious sands; h. & c., every amenity; double, 6gns. each till July 15, single 7gns. (Semaen 275.)

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

CROWHURST Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex, 50 miles from London, 4 miles Hastings. Lovely country and sea. The hotel with a big reputation for very good food and friendliness. All our guests return and send others. Write for illustrated brochure. From 7gns. Battle 369.

OWNERS of country house with central heating, modern amenities, Riviera climate, give personal attention limited number of guests. Walled gardens, farmery, 3 mins. unspoilt Cornish Bay. Box 6104.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surrounding. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

ITALY: When in Rome, stay at Pensione Lampi, 61 Via Margutta. Central, quiet position, excellent food, moderate prices.

HOTEL Lercheathof, Mieders, Stubai, Tirol, Austria. 40 minutes by bus from Innsbruck: big garden, excel. cuisine, swimming pool in the village, beautiful Alpine scenery. Pension terms incl. service, Austr. Sch. 44-, September, Austr. Sch. 38.- per day.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

N. CORNWALL Coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands bathing, surfing, buses 5 mins., h. & c. No extras. Mod. charges unchanged. Clifton Cottage, Treknow, Tintagel. Tel. 72.

HOLIDAYS & Honeymoons! 58 delightful hotels in Devon and Cornwall, described & recommended in "Ride-a-While Book." Post free, 2s. 6d. N. S. Hilson, 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

UPPER Thames. White Cross Country House Hotel, Wallingford, in 6 acres lovely grounds. H. & C., divan beds. Private bathing & fishing. Sailing, boating, tennis. Tel. 3155.

SUSSEX. Relax in lovely country within reach sea. Comfy beds. Own produce. 3 acres. To Where Hotel, Heram (Easthourne line). Phone: Horeham Rd. 32.

CASTLE Rock Hotel, Mortehoe, Devon. In own grounds overlooking sands, coves and rolling downs. Separate tables. Excellent chefs. Vacancies June-July. Tel. Woolacombe 165.

ENGLISH lakes. Comfortable Guest House in delightful surroundings. Good food. Personal attention Dawson, Birkhead, Troutbeck, Windermere.

HANOVER Hotel, Steyne, Bognor Regis. Board residence. Mod. terms. Tel. 933.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised, H. & C. in all bedrooms. Terms 4½-7gns. (winter terms 3½-5gns.), June—all rooms 5gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

SWITZERLAND. Guests received by young couple in large, comfortable & delightfully situated Chalet in sunny Alpine resort. Wonderful views, swimming, tennis, riding, climbing, fishing. Winter sports. Low terms. Illustrated brochure. C. B. Wilmot-Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Chateau-d'Oex.

SOUTH Devon. Homely holiday accom. full bd. 10 min. sea, rr. buses. Mod. charges. Read, 5 Euston Terrace, Sidmouth, Devon.

DUBLIN'S Luxury Licensed Hotel. "The Majestic." Phones in all bedrms., ideal sit., perfect food, mod. terms. Tel. 66421-2.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. p.wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

BEADON Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon, regret they have no vacancies between June 3/Sept. 16. Reg. accepted now for autumn.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Century Manor overlooking Camel Estuary. Easy reach golfing, surfing, boating. Produce from own farm. 4½ to 7gns. Write for brochure M.

CHILDREN'S Guest House; country life, own farm produce, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

W. Coast of Ireland. Come & enjoy the Atlantic Ocean and heather-clad mountains: Avondale House, Mallarnny, Co. Mayo.

VIENNESE Holiday. P.G.'s received by English-speaking lady. Low charges. Apply J. Marx, M.A., 5 Meadow Bank, Manchester, 21. Tel. CHO. 5180.

CORNWALL. "Just as nice as Paradise & only half as far." Especially May to July. Lovely beaches. Surf-bathing Polzeath, golf St. Enodoc. Fishing. 15 acres grounds. Farm produce. Interior-sprung mattresses. Trebarrock Manor, Port Isaac 234.

DEVON. Gd. accom. Finest posn. Min. sea. Gd. cen. Rec. Pontoney, Combe Martin.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

WAYFARERS Restaurant of Granville Place, Orchard Street, W.1. MAY. 5121, have opened a Branch Establishment at 33 Oxford Street, W.1. GER. 4713 (opposite Pratcaaf) for the service of their teas, coffees, snacks, light meals and Continental Delicatessen. Open till midnight for after-theatre suppers, etc. Fully licensed. Tariff and quality as at Granville Place.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Macbeth." Members.

UNITY. "The Circling Dove." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Assoc. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, June 25th, 7.30: "Murderers Are Amongst Us" (A).

ASIAN Inst., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Basil Wright introduces "Song of Ceylon." Thursday, June 29. Mems. & guests. Assoc. membership 5s. WHI. 3678.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, Sat., July 22, to Sat., Sept. 16. Nightly (Sundays excepted), at 7.30. Prospectus now on Sale (send three 1d. stamps). Tickets for the First and Last Concerts have been allocated by ballot in accordance with previous Press announcements. Tickets, numbered and reserved, 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d. Un-numbered Orchestra 3s. available, by postal application only, from Monday, June 26, till Friday, July 7, from Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7, and usual Agents. Thereafter normal booking arrangements. Season Tickets: Promenade (Arena or Gallery), Whole Series 37s. 6d., Half Series 21s. Obtainable from Monday, June 26, by postal application only, from Royal Albert Hall. Postal applications with envelope marked "Proms" in top left-hand corner, giving alternative dates and prices must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the appropriate Booking Office and not to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

DENNIS Brain Ensemble. Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, Pianoforte. Jordans Music Club, Mayflower Barn. Sat., July 1, at 8. Tickets 5s. H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone-Seer Green.

BACH Organ Works. Thurs., June 15-July 20, Fri., July 28, 6.30, Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone (opp. Gt. Portland St. Stn.).

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, W.1. Sat., July 1, at 3.30. The Renaissance Singers, directed by Michael Howard. English Cathedral Music by Gibbons & Tomkins.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand. TRA. 6261. Edric Connor: Negro Songs & Poems, assisted by Jacqueline Mackenzie. Mon., June 26, 7.30. Mems.

BIRMINGHAM and Midlands holiday enthusiasts are invited to Continental travel films and Holiday Forum at Birmingham Univ., English Theatre, June 26, 6.15. Ent. free. Organiser Erna Low, Personal Travel Service, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7, on behalf of Classical Assoc., B'ham. Univ.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Soc., Sat., June 24, 7.30-11 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LAN. 6594). Midsummer Night's Dance. 1st class band. Spot prizes, novelties, etc. Refreshments. Adm. 2s.

SUMMER Dance organised by Central London Fabian Socy., Sat., July 1, 7.30 p.m., at St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd., W.C.2. Adm. 4s. Mems. of Fabian Society and friends only.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd. N.W.1. Saturday, 24th, at 8 p.m. Admission 2s. Buffet.

MIDSUMMER Day Garden Party: Sat., June 24, at 14 Kensington Square, W.8 (behind John Barker's): Concert recitals by Julian Bream, Owen Brannigan, Emmanuel Hurwitz, James Gibb, Victor Mcunu, London Opera Ensemble, A.I.A. Exhib. of paintings; portrait sketching; autograph corner. Adm. 3d.

EXHIBITIONS

"JAMES Joyce: His Life and Work." Exhibition of MSS., portraits, books, etc. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. 10-6 (not Suns.), June 14 to July 13. Adm. 1s. 6d., members free.

PAINTINGS of Nigerian People and Scenes by M. Maurice Fievet, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, June 26-July 15 (not Sundays), 10-6. Adm. by catalogue 1s. Sponsored by Nigerian Government.

WILLIAM and Mary and their Time, organised by the Arts Council. Victoria and Albert Museum. Till Aug. 20. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children 6d.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Portrait of the Artist. Self-portraits from Degas to the Present. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Pntgs. by Renato Guttuso. Pntgs. & Pottery by Catherine Yarrow. Until July 1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th Centuries, daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BRITISH Empire Timbers used in Contemporary Furniture at Heals, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

MODERN French Art in Prints. The Little Gallery, Piccadilly Arcade. June 19-July 15.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SIX Places in Search of an Artist. Exhibition of decorative schemes presented by Hampstead Artists Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. June 4-July 2, 12 noon to 7 p.m. daily and Sundays. Adm. 6d.

THE Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., Charing X Rd. W.C.2. Paintings by Kahana. 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Open until June 30.

ADAMS Gallery, 92 New Bond St., W.1. Paintings by Jo Jones. Also Gauguin, Cezanne, Renoir, Bonnard, etc. Until June 30. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Exhibn. of original photographs by Lionel Wendt of People, Life & Art of Ceylon. Until July 1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion Centenary Festival. State Apartments with Regency furniture, costumes. Open 10-7 daily & Suns.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. Paintings by Bonnard. Last week.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-8, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

KANDINSKY Retrospective; also Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick. At Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery. The Art of Mannerism. Ital. & Flem. pictures from 1520-1620. June, 1950. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

INTERNATIONAL Artists' Community, sponsor: Oskar Kokoschka. Regular exhibitions of unknown artists, first opening Sat., June 24, 2.30 p.m. 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. (Metro. Latimer Rd.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts. Playback of radio feature "Portrait of James Joyce," introduced by the author, W. R. Rodgers, Broadcasting House, Fri., June 30. Members and guests only. Apply 17-18, Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., June 28, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club. "Yugoslavia & the Cold War." K. Zilliacus. 1s. 6d.

"FREEDOM and the Press." Personalist Group Discussion at Conway Hall on Thursday, June 29, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Jack Coates, Paul Derrick, etc.

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. The next meeting will be held on Monday, June 26, at 8 p.m., at 37 Gloucester Walk, W.8. Speaker: Mr. T. McKitterick. Subject: "The Dollar Crisis—External Aspects."

THE Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1, Tel. SLO. 0453): Tues., July 4, at 6.30 p.m., Mr. T. S. Eliot, O.M., will give an informal talk on "What Dante means to me." H.E. the Italian Ambassador will be in the Chair. (Members only.)

MARIONETTES—Yesterday and To-morrow. Illustrated lecture by Professor Siegel, creator of Harro Siegel's Marionettes (seen in England 1928, '31, '33, '36). Tues., June 27, at 7 p.m. Adm. by ticket price 2s., obtainable from Secy., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, or at the door.

SHAW Soc. "Importance of Being Earnest" reading. 57 Dean St., June 30, 6.45.

LINGUISTS' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 1, at 6 p.m. Mr. Nicholas Jaques: "Life in the older Universities."

JAMES Joyce: talk by L. A. G. Strong, readings by Veronica Turleigh, Esmé Percy. 8 p.m., Tues., June 27, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Tickets 5s. I.C.A. members free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St. Thurs., June 29, at 8 p.m. "Some Thoughts on the Influence of Time and Circumstance on the Jewish Song" (Old and Modern). Lecture recital by Johanna Metzger (soprano), and Paul Lichtenstern (piano). Non-mems. 1s.

"CATHOLIC Church Fighting Reaction." Each Wednesday evening in July, at 6.30 p.m., Fr. Paul Crane, S.J., B.Sc. (Econ.) London, Lecturer at Catholic Workers' College, Oxford, will give a Catholic statement of policy at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm St., W.1. All welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday meetings at 11 o'clock. June 25: Joseph McCabe, "The Inspiration of Sacred Music."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. June 25: U.L.T. Day.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance: Juanita Frances on "The Attitude of the Married Women's Association." Wednesday, June 28, Conway Hall. 7 p.m.

"PHYSIOLOGICAL Sublimation versus Leucotomy Operation." Edward A. Wilson, M.D. Non-Register. Mon., July 3, at 3 and again at 7.30. Lecture Hall, 42 Inverness Pl., W.2. Medical people specially invited. Collection. Queensway-Bayswater Tube.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., Public Lecture, Weds., June 28, 6.30. The Tree of Life Design of the Human Personality. Miss Mary Macaulay.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"CALL to Serve." Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Wed., June 28, 6.30 p.m. Presentation of Objects of the Jewish Society for Human Service by Victor Gollancz, Dr. Leo Baeck, Magnus Wechsler and others. Chairman, Professor Norman Bentwich. Adm. free. Non-members especially welcome.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays, 1 p.m. June 27: Yoga—A Survey. July 4: Yoga & the Nature of the Self. July 11: Yoga & the Emotions.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., June 29, 7.30: The Path of Reasoning and Discrimination. All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PENDLEY Centre of Adult Education. Week-end Courses. July 7-10: Music and the Amateur. The Choral Tradition. July 14-17: Drama and the Amateur. What is Good Acting? Aims of the Amateur; the role of the critic; practice in criticism. Fee: 2gns. Details from the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. (Tring 2302.)

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools. Accommodation is still available at: Courteenhall House, Roade, Northants. July 29-August 5. "Labour in Britain and the United States." Rita Hinden, Hugh Gaitskell, Allan Flanders, Norman Mackenzie, Arthur Skeffington. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey: August 19-26. "Labour's Appeal." Sir Frank Soskice, Harold Davies, R. W. Williams, John Diamond, John Parker. Charges from £6. Applics. and enqs.: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1.

BRYANSTON Festival, Aug. 12 to Sept. 2. Georges Enesco, Boyd Neel Orchestra, Bach, Mozart, Bartok. For full particulars of this Ideal Musical Holiday in Dorset send 2½d. stamp to John Amis, Summer School of Music, Ltd., 29 Holland Villas Rd. W.14.

WEDGWOOD Memorial College, Barlaston, North Staffs. (In association with the W.E.A., North Staffs District). Summer courses have been arranged in the following subjects: August 6-12, The Welfare State. August 13-19, The Historian & Current Affairs. August 20-26, Putting on a Play. August 27-Sept. 2, Music. Tuition on all courses will be in seminar groups conducted by Oxford University tutors and well-known speakers will address each school. Fees: N. Staffs students, £2 10s. Others, £3 10s. (inclusive of board, residence and tuition). Some scholarships available. Further details from the Secretary, Wedgwood Memorial College.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. Summer School on Social Work and Social Research to be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from July 8-15 for social workers and others interested in the techniques of social research. Inclusive cost seven guineas. Application forms from: Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont St., Oxford.

ATTINGHAM Park, Shropshire Adult College. Summer Schools. "Music in the Modern World." July 20-25. £4 4s. "Orchestral Playing." July 28-August 3. £3 15s. "Planning Your Home." August 8-14. £4 4s. "Local Studies." August 28-Sept. 4. £4 15s. Details: Warden, Attingham Park, Shrewsbury.

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